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DECEMBER 27, 1976

CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE

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Maclean's

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Interview with Dr. Lisa Parham One of the leaders of the feminist and socialist movement in Canada, the Montreal-based physician holds forth on male obstetric doctors, the Pill and stem transplants, and seriously questions whether or not babies with severe congenital defects should be kept alive by medical medical technology.
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Things don't seem to be It's not so important to be left to go on, is it? What is a cop's job? Is it to catch the bad guys? Or is it to be a hero? Michael Knight (with his much help from Tom Green) writes of how an actor of pure science became one of pure politics.
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The Georgia Wright goes straight: Ten years ago, at the death of the counterculture, Vancouver's George Wright was the country's "baddest" underground paper, full of revolution, sex, dope and those dirty, dirty words. But times have changed and the Wright has changed. The true meaning of the word "straight" is...
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The Just for Canada begins: The federal personal conference on energy was last week dominated by the historic breakthrough between Pierre Trudeau and René Lévesque. The session was made official, Lévesque arguing that the constitution gave Confederation a better, Trudeau replying he could never be foolish enough to unity Lévesque.
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Kali laughing: After seven years of playing a mostly mediocre awaying 15 million people, The Mary Taylor Show is going off the air, but the MTR empire, which has spawned Phyllis and Rhonda and The Bob Newhart Show, threaten to go on forever. David Cobbinville.
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Getting through the bulge with 'Rocky' and his friends: Rocky's own version of the Christmas flash is underway, and Maclean's from a three-page guide, covering the new release, including a likely date for Academy Award nominee called Rocky, written by and starring an unknown named Sylvester Stallone.
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Maclean's is published weekly except on Wednesdays. It is published by Maclean's Publishing Co., 100 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. M5X 1C1. (416) 593-1111. (416) 593-1112. (416) 593-1113. (416) 593-1114. (416) 593-1115. (416) 593-1116. (416) 593-1117. (416) 593-1118. (416) 593-1119. (416) 593-1120. (416) 593-1121. (416) 593-1122. (416) 593-1123. (416) 593-1124. (416) 593-1125. (416) 593-1126. (416) 593-1127. (416) 593-1128. (416) 593-1129. (416) 593-1130. (416) 593-1131. (416) 593-1132. (416) 593-1133. (416) 593-1134. (416) 593-1135. (416) 593-1136. (416) 593-1137. (416) 593-1138. (416) 593-1139. (416) 593-1140. (416) 593-1141. (416) 593-1142. (416) 593-1143. (416) 593-1144. (416) 593-1145. (416) 593-1146. (416) 593-1147. (416) 593-1148. (416) 593-1149. (416) 593-1150. (416) 593-1151. (416) 593-1152. (416) 593-1153. (416) 593-1154. (416) 593-1155. (416) 593-1156. (416) 593-1157. (416) 593-1158. (416) 593-1159. (416) 593-1160. (416) 593-1161. (416) 593-1162. (416) 593-1163. 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face a number of problems. One of them is how to lead a physician's life and also lead a woman's life. The act of speaking of a woman's life in terms of what we think a woman should really do, you know, cooking and sewing and cleaning, but in terms of having a sexual life, an emotional life, that means you have to look for and live with someone who will accept that but who should be completely free to look after her professional career without feeling that he is being gipped in life.

Maclean: How can women ensure they get the best of both worlds?

Forster: Well the first thing I would suggest is that they ask questions. First of all, there is the relation between the woman and the physician, which is a relation of dominance on the part of the physician. The physician is supposed to know everything and to know what to do and not have to explain to you what he's doing. This explains regardless of who the physician and the patient are, but it's worse if the physician is a man and the patient is a woman.

I get patients here and they say "Well, I've been operated on by Dr. So-and-So" and I say "What for?" and they say "I don't know" and I say "Why didn't you ask?" "Well, I asked but he didn't answer. He said, however, you don't ask him, he's always in such a hurry." "Well, I think that is a common sin. I run offices in a hurry too, but I'm certainly not above explaining the truth and making it easy for my patients to understand. I think it is part of the physician's duty to educate."

Maclean: Do women prefer men or women physicians?

Forster: I've known patients to come to me because I wasn't a man, but that is not too common. I have women friends who are physicians and who treat men and women and I've never heard of a male patient who refused to be treated by a woman just because she was a woman. Most of the women physicians I know have patients who are very devoted to them. You see, I think there is a certain warmth, affection and tenderness that you will find with the female physician and the male patient that could be lacking between the male physician and the female patient. She is kind of a motherly figure, she is not only likely to give help but to give tenderness and love too.

Maclean: How has the medical profession failed to meet the needs of women?

Forster: In the whole field of obstetrics and gynecology and in the minds of male physicians to women's suffering. They take it for granted that women must suffer when they have babies. And a woman's painful period is no problem of theirs. I think that obstetrics in obstetrics has been suffering behind for one good reason: the anesthetics were not good. They say, "A woman can deliver without anesthesia. This has been proven centuries ago, so why bother?" I think that most obstetricians will agree that the best kind of anesthesia for obstetrics is the epidural anesthesia. But it's only

very recently that it became available in the obstetric department of many hospitals, although it's been around for a long time. I'm quite sure that if they gave birth to babies it would have been available long ago. I've known professors who worry that we're cutting medical students in such that there won't be any high risk cases to use for instructing medical students.

Maclean: Why did you say on one occasion that gynecologists consider women a gold mine?

Forster: Don't forget to apply especially to gynecologists, there are other specialists where women have been barriers to occupational physicians and explained through anatomical reasons and so-



IN THEIR MINDS, MANY DOCTORS ARE GOD-LIKE PERSONS, WITH NURSES THERE TO SERVE THEM

necessary operations. It's certainly in gynecology you find this type of well-known women who would rather die for the slightest reason and without any reason, just because it was very late. If the mother is sick, the father is still working and able to pay and he's very eager to get her back home and looking after the kids and the house, so that it is more likely that you are going to get paid if you are looking after these kinds of patients than if you are looking after male patients who have fractures and things like that. Also, look at another special type of physician, the illegal abortionist, who used to make fortunes out of poor women's misery.

Maclean: Is there a place for midwives in Canada?

Forster: Yes. As gynecologists and obstetricians we know just much too good a meaning to let and wait through a normal delivery. I think it's a waste of talent and

knowledge. We should be kept in reserve for when something goes wrong and the need to some countries. In Holland, for example, most of the obstetrical cases with midwives and Holland has the best record on maternal mortality. I don't think the physician who is busy with a practice and doing obstetrics in any of a case just the attention he should. Midwives can give their whole time and culture specifically there is a shortage.

Maclean: You have said that as long as the medical profession continues to be largely conservative, men will continue to dominate it.

Forster: Sure, to dominate it and to keep it for themselves. Last spring I attended a symposium run by McGill University and the University of Montreal on "Sex, Culture and Medicine." A young man presented a study he had made in Mexico of fertility to see that had a kind of witch doctor, and that witch doctor was highly regarded by the whole tribe. But as the medicine came in the witch doctor lost his aura, so there were fewer and fewer of them to be found and these women invaded this field. I think this is the story all over the world: as soon as a profession gets to be learned and controlled, the men dominate it and the women move in because it is the only way they can change their situation. If 70% of the physicians in Russia are women, as claimed, then medicine must be kind of despised in Russia, or it's not that important, because I don't believe one but that socialist countries have done their utmost for women. I think what is probably very important in Russia is engineering.

Maclean: In view of its reported side effects, do you consider the Pill a safe contraceptive?

Forster: Oh yes, I do. It's much safer than pregnancy.

Maclean: How compared to other forms of contraception?

Forster: On the last statistics I saw, if you take every type of contraceptive and project the number of pregnancies you will have from failure of that particular contraceptive, and consider the number of deaths arising from that number of pregnancies compared to the number of deaths from complications of the Pill, I was easily proven that the Pill was the safest. With the Pill you have almost no pregnancies.

Maclean: Do you think male physicians or male obstetricians discourage research on male contraception?

Forster: Well, I don't think I could say that. I can easily see that it is much more difficult to find a good male contraceptive than a female one. There is a whole other part. I know a doctor in Brazil who is very busy working with male contraceptives and he keeps saying "Yes, but when I find a good one they won't use it, they are not interested." I feel that too. Unless I was dealing with somebody I must completely, how could I be sure that he is looking after me and not getting pregnant? He would not be the one to be pregnant if he does not take his

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A referendum, even separation won't answer the Canadian Question. They will merely focus it

Column by Claude Ryan

The victory of the Parti Québécois was neither an accident of history nor the erratic product of spontaneous growth. It marks the return of political power to Quebec as a school of thought that has always played a key role in our collective life and has now found itself free of the ideological constraints that led it to be highly critical of the functioning of Confederation. But never until the advent of the Parti Québécois did it actually question the very foundations of our federal structure. The difference this time is that the new party in power in Quebec has only questioned the federal structure but not involved to replace it with a structure in which the first and obvious locus of power will be in Quebec.

With the Parti Québécois elected by "what means?" Let's first be reminded that the Parti Québécois did not ask for and was not given a mandate to separate Quebec from the rest of the country. It derives power from the province that its first responsibility will be to preserve. The Québécois, however, competent, efficient and humane government. Should the new government fail to fulfill this promise, their chances of success in the area of independence would be considerably reduced. But let's suppose that the people of Quebec succeeded in its first 18 months in coming to deliver the goods on the rather modest pledge it made during the campaign. Then—and this is the most likely possibility—it is not because of the previous constitution in Canada since 1867.

Two leading schools of thought have been of work in Quebec since the days before Confederation. To borrow the terms of the great historian, Arnold Toynbee, I would call them the Herodian school and the Zealotus school. The Herodian is oriented toward the broader world and the conqueror. He is involved to remain humble and preserve his culture but thanks his culture to the people of the conqueror. He typically acts in concert with the opportunities offered by the larger movement in which they are invited to integrate. This school has always emphasized liberty and individual success.

But while representatives of the latterly termed school were among its spokesmen for French Canadians on the national scene another equally important school of thought was carrying a very important role in the formation of French-Canadian institutions and standards inside Quebec. At its core with several players in hidden roles, representatives of this school often build behind the scenes of organizational efforts and a greater interest in the affairs of

the world than many of their Herodian counterparts. But they have always been seeking to emphasize the collective aspect of the life and destiny of their people. They want the French Canadians to form a homogeneous society, to live within a framework of institutions fashioned after their own vision of the world, to be responsible for all its important decisions affecting their future.

Only a few months ago, Pierre Trudeau pretended before the federal commission meeting in Quebec that separatism was dead in Quebec. If he had studied the political and social history of his province



with as much understanding as he has studied the development of freedom in other parts of the world he would have realized that the notion the Parti Québécois embodies today has concerned ourselves of the concept of typically French-Canadian institutions and standards that the Herodian school of which Trudeau is a leading spokesman. For a long time, the Zealotus school emphasized the national aspirations of French Canadians in the sphere of their social and economic interests. The great organizing of the 19th century in the dynamic synthesis it has offered between these two diametrically opposed, the considerable penetration the party has made within the past few years in such sectors as the credit unions, the farmers' organizations and the labor movement.

In the current ones we must hope, for the next few months at least, that the two levels of government will act with all the

caution, dignity and democratic acceptance of reality that we expect from intelligent leaders. There are several areas in which cooperation is not only desirable but vitally urgent between Ottawa and Quebec. I am thinking in particular of measures to promote housing, to combat unemployment, to curb inflation.

But short of unforeseen difficulties, we must now expect that a referendum on the question of whether Quebec wants to become sovereign will take place within the five-year term the Parti Québécois has been given to govern the province.

For every challenge we go beyond the mere question of whether Quebec should separate or not. For for the first time in its history the party has been in power. It has been in power for the past 18 months. I am and I mean in favor of separating Quebec from the rest of Canada. I would feel embarrassed if I were forced to give a vote that would be a mere approval of the status quo or of a status quo before I am forced to choose between the two options. I will want to ask myself the broader question that a federal minister from Ontario put to me the other day: "Should we not rather ask ourselves in what kind of society we want to live in year 2000?"

The consensus upon which Canada has rested for a century has now been seriously shaken, if not fractured, in Quebec. I doubt that we can repair the damage overnight by a mere reminder of the humanistic values in René Lévesque's manifesto. Economic and financial reasons may suggest that a referendum should be held as soon as possible in order to close the rift. But in the absence of genuine intellectual and political preparation, I doubt that a mere invitation to the people to answer yes or no to this or that question will do the trick. If a referendum were held soon on the simple question of whether Quebec should separate or not, we are all aware that the federalists would win. But that would not wipe out the problem. If by then we had not examined in depth all the implications of federalism and separatism, the problem would be there after a short rest.

Moreover, we should use the time at our disposal to reflect upon the conditions that are most likely to insure lasting peace and harmony in the half of the North American continent. With respect to Trudeau and Lévesque, I doubt that this question can receive a satisfactory solution at a prematurely held referendum. A certain kind of maturation must first take place inside each one of us.

Claude Ryan is author and publisher of Le Devoir.

Letters

It isn't just the principle of the thing. It's also the profit

In reference to the federal leader Ed Broadbent's speeches on the Amendment Based, his Congress in the right Old Of Science (November 26) states that: "The problem with the campaign was that but figures were out of date. Accuracy by the Toronto Globe and Mail's Report on Science shows that the combined profits of 97 major Canadian companies had more a year's worth of 1976 the first year of the controls program." For the record, Ed Broadbent has attacked the tax controls program both for being unworkable and unfair.

He did not say that total company profits were booming in our economy. However, he did argue that because of increased "unworkable" (7) profits and prices, a profit margin, many companies were not only making money but also increasing profits. But also a release into profit controls on other forms of income. For example, while there was an absolute level on one form of income—wages at \$24.00 per year—no absolute level was applied on company profits and, because of the profit margin criteria, numerous firms in many industrial sectors were permitted to record significant profits increases during the controls period.

MAUREEN BURNETT, DIRECTOR OF RESEARCH
NEW RESEARCH GROUP
HOUSE OF COMMONS,
OTTAWA

Ed Broadbent kicked off his anti-tax campaign in Ottawa on September 8, 1976, by attacking the earlier Globe and Mail survey that, according to his interpretation, showed corporate profits had risen "nearly 195" over the first six months of 1976. Actually,

the survey showed that profits had fallen 3.7%. But Broadbent arrived on his feet by selectively excluding from the survey "non-manufacturing" (7) such as mining, petroleum and paper. Even accepting Broadbent's exclusions, the more recent Globe and Mail survey quoted by Maclean's showed that corporate profits in what Broadbent calls "domestic" sectors of the economy "had risen barely 5% over the first six months of 1976, a figure well within the error margins."

Shane and its more correct shareable
PARAG 44 of Senator Sennar (November 13) quotes me as saying "conceivably the exceptions of business from the property split [when a marriage breaks down] may be an escape clause for more people."

I believe it would be more appropriate to attribute that statement to Sherril Connolly who wrote the story.

We discussed the fact that under the proposed Family Assets System, some people would not automatically be entitled to an equal share of all the other's property, including a business. This is a concept embodied in the fall of defined community system of property sharing. People who are in favor of the adoption of this system may view the "exception" of businesses as a possible "escape." However, this is a question of philosophy. As pointed out, "the consensus was that people are willing to share family assets, but that businesses should be considered separate property because the parent built up an individual business." Although businesses would not automatically be subject to a percentage of equal sharing under the Family Assets System, a judge has discretion to order that any property, including businesses, be included. Indeed, a judge is specifically directed to take into consideration "any other circumstances relating to the acquisition, preservation, maintenance, improvement or use of property," including whether a division of family assets would be inequitable. It is therefore misleading to say that businesses will be "excepted." Businesses will not be subject to a percentage of equal division. At the same time, the specific statutory guidelines and overriding judicial discretion to include businesses as a division of property where it would be equitable to do so precludes "escape."

KAREN H. WELLS, COUNSELLOR
POLICY DEVELOPMENT DIVISION
MINISTRY OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL
TORONTO

By the power which we know him
I haven't seen enough of Peter Onorato on television to know if a judgment about his talents, but I remember enough of his magazine make-up that the 1960s to recognize that Barbara Amis's brief dismissal of his writing in *Time* for *The Show* (November 26) is inaccurate and unfair. For Amis's brief was wrong, among other admirable points, the first examinations of the Québec separatist movement, some sports articles that the late Ralph Allen described to me as "worthy of A. J. Linking."

I also remember that one of the first Canadian magazine studies to note Bob Dylan and everything he wrote. It's on occasion to say that Onorato was one of the central magazine profiles of the 1960s.

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Preview

Why should an NDP premier hook up with Trudeau? There are reasons

Suppose someone were to tell you that the Premier of Manitoba was a prime candidate to join the Trudeau cabinet. What would your response be? Kucinich, Ed Schreyer is a New Democrat? Almond, he isn't even an MP! In fact, why should he drop a new thing for a relatively untested thing? Perhaps—but it could still happen. And in the interim, he could be the replacement for Jean-Luc Pepin, who is running soon to chairmen of the Anti-Inflation Board, or become chairman of Petro-Canada. While Schreyer is a New Democrat, he is also an open admirer of Trudeau as shown by an interview he gave to *Manitoba's La Presse* recently in which he said that Trudeau was the best man Canada could have as Prime Minister right now, and that "the events of the past month [the Parti Québécois victory] have reinforced Trudeau's credibility in the West. Who would be better?"

Also, Schreyer is known to not get along with the federal MP and he does come from the party's conservative wing. Rumors of Schreyer going to Ottawa have persisted for more than a year; he used to have been offered both the first chairmanship of the air, then a cabinet post (possibly and rejected both). Now, with James Richardson out of the cabinet, with no strong pretence from a disenchanted West, and with Confederation itself at issue, Trudeau may be more persuasive. But before we will have to decide soon, because that's a Manitoba election coming up in 1977.

Something old, something new

The Canadian folkie at Hamilton Glen is a musician who the old Model T Ford was purported to be a fine, tough versatile, serviceable, and with the proper care will remain almost undetectable. But like the T, nobody makes Glen any more, and that's for a reason. However, there are still plenty of them around, all over the world, 130 in Canada's Far Northland alone, where some folks consider them almost indispensable. Among those folks is Edmonton's Ray Cox, a pilot and engineer, but especially is downed aircraft in the Arctic. He has about 40 and flies them out—who is gambling \$400,000 on reflo-

loating an old Guin with a new turbine engine. It is a Guin—and he'll know that in February when he test-flies this hybrid—Cox will have made a good thing better: the turbine engine is 700 pounds lighter than the standard piston engine, requires less maintenance (overhaul every 3,500 air-hours as opposed to 1,000), vacuums cruising speed by 10 knots and reduces the speed needed for takeoff and landing. And if it works, Cox has about 40 other Guin owners lined up for the same conversion. But will it work? "If you mean a prop plane to a piston engine, it has to work," Cox insists.

Mixed blessings

When Henry Cuntz takes over the U.S. presidency January 20, presumably he will take immediate steps to fulfill one of his major campaign promises: pardon all draft dodgers. That should be a relief to Josef Winkler, who fled from his home in Memphis 10 years ago and has lived in Montreal ever since. And in a way it is the singer-performer's alibi, including his latest, *Let The Royal Edge Do It*, have kept him popular back home, and a pardon would allow him to explore that popularity with a U.S. tour. And in a way it is a relief: three years ago Winkler became a Canadian citizen, and he is naturally concerned about getting a visa—in a foreigner's work in the United States. How will the U.S. immigration officials feel about me, a former draft dodger, coming to work—as an artist?



Cox and his Guin: they don't make 'em like that any more

Suburban guerrillas

Nuclear politics also makes strange bedfellows. Homegrown and blue-collar workers on Vancouver Island and along both sides of the Georgia Strait are picking "confederation" courses, learning how to demonstrate even how to scuffle with the police in preparation for future action against the establishment of a major American nuclear "disposal" complex in nearby Bangor, Washington (Maclean's, May 3, 1976). The normally complacent middle class has been aroused by, and is being aroused by, a militant group known as The Pacific Life Community, which had eight members arrested (five jailed, three acquitted)

for a protest against one of the best construction sites in the world. But, the house will house the Tachitai nuclear waste-disposal substance, among a primary target for Russian or Chinese first-strike or retaliation attacks, and if Bangor goes ahead with its project, there is a danger of nuclear contamination from the site. One of the site owners, an electrician, is already suing to go beyond the bounds of peaceful protest, insisting that "there will be no acid."

CIDA had a better idea

The Membrane Control Commission, one of the world's most respected international relief agencies, has for many years been supplying a great many goods from the Membrane Control Commission. But it has always been thwarted by the federal government, because giving goods away would undermine the pricing system and the quota system designed to help the Canadian when goods are sold. But it appears that a solution is at hand. The government is expected to ratify a scheme by which Membrane Control can designate a portion of their annual crop quota to be sold at a discount. But so that nothing goes undistributed the former-private firm will designate a portion of the dollar value (currently about \$2.70 per bushel) of the grain donated. The compromise was effected because the Canadian International Development Agency agreed to convert up to a million dollars in the soft food bank in the first year of operation.

Canada

No quarter asked, and none given



When René Lévesque arrived late at 14 Sussex Drive for dinner with the other prime provincial premiers and Prime Trudeau this month, the anticipation of welcoming "the new boy," as one premier called him playfully, was in the air. Lévesque was seated into the centre of the official group photograph—as it turned out, an unremarkable man of first ministers, standing and sitting, that seemed to evoke the current state of national ambivalence. By the time the 11 men finished the soaked salmon and veal, however, some of the "old boys" were chafed to discover that "René" had no intention of joining their club.

The focus shifted to Lévesque during a dinner at the Constitution. The Prime Minister had postponed his desire to get on with parliament of the British North America Act and several premiers suspected that the move should be placed on "the back burner." Despite Lévesque's public statements on his plans to work toward independence, his election had left several premiers confused about what course to follow on the Constitution. Accordingly, Lévesque was president, in effect, to indi-

cate how his vision of Quebec could be accommodated, with their consent of Canada. Lévesque, growing impatient at the tone of the queries, finally replied, "You know what my position is," adding he would send them all copies of his proposed scenario for independence to outline last July in the quarterly *Foreign Affairs*. Those of the premiers replied that they had already read the article. What they wanted to hear directly from him. New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield pressed, was what Lévesque's real objective was. Frustrated, the Quebec premier retorted pointedly, "My intention is to get out."

Pressed to specify the date of his independence, Lévesque hedged, not willing to tip his hand. "Thirty days to four years," he replied. As for intentions on points that he overcame his minority of Quebecers do not favor independence. Lévesque answered: "Don't rely on that. IFS [for independence] figure—then he winked playfully, suggesting he would pick the right time. In case anyone missed the message, Lévesque explained that if the first reference system was lost, there would be another, and another. Some people were annoyed

"The all for British Columbia issues being used to co-optulate provincial governments," Premier Bill Bennett declared bitterly, "but Bill Bennett of our times are going to be used for revolutionary purposes."

In all, the dramatic confrontation took about 30 minutes of the three-hour session. Lévesque left the party early while Trudeau took some consolation from the evident exodus process the dinner had been for several premiers: "I hope they had their eyes opened once and for all," said one Trudeau confidant.

The evidence of that come next day when the premiers judiciously agreed to Trudeau's compromise on federal-provincial finances, the main issue on the agenda at the day-and-a-half of formal talks (see box). Lévesque's main plank was that federalism is a failure, that being "cynical" as "devotion anti-binding" by Ottawa was proof positive "I don't buy it anymore," he declared. The premiers, who came to Ottawa as a "suspense front," could have confirmed that view by joining Lévesque in his denunciation of the system. Instead they accepted the agreement with modest qualifications. In effect, as Bennett put it



Lévesque making his early exit from the conference: mostly an outsider looking in

later, they decided "that in the national context, we'd be cooperative." Observed Saskatchewan's Allan Rockaway of Lévesque: "I have follow votes to his chair. Obviously I'm going to have to wait until I do not come to accept his views—and I hope not too many other people do."

Added Hatfield, who never doubted Lévesque's view, "His mandate from his party is to come here and discredit all federal institutions and systems. We've got to be very careful we don't see Mr. Lévesque in the short term and find out we've lost the country in the long run." Canada changed on November 15 (Lévesque's election), whether we like it or not. His political onslaught (for independence) began then. His first big ally was the federal-provincial confederation.

Trudeau cultivated a considerable willingness to improvise in the face of the threat that the "communist front" of premiers would hold and denounce federalism. But after the half-day dinner meeting the night before, the other premiers agreed with his statement that "I can never be flexible enough to satisfy Mr. Lévesque, his flexibility is only out of Canada." Trudeau's offer of some flexible tax

sharing but three crucial issues to counter criticism that he is a rigid centralist, he refused, not bought, but rather, he refused by Quebec's supreme law unions which tangled usually from the lips of the English premiers who used it and to convince his free Quebecers that there is a place for them in a confederation that allows "the free development of the different cultures and our communities" (a new phrase usage by Trudeau which was noted with interest).

The fissure between Trudeau and Lévesque, particularly Lévesque's declaration of independence, turned on a series of lesser federalism issues into a far more on the large question—one Canada or two nations? "It's now a battle for hearts and minds," says a Trudeau spokesman. The conference was the first time the two Quebecers had met since former Quebec premier Daniel Johnson's tenure in 1968. Throughout the Quiet Revolution both had worked to strike new directions for Quebec. But as they met at the head of the Colaba table in the Conference Centre, the old, concerned union nation, they broke his hard anger diverged and they

talked with each other, in French, from a distance. "Mr. Lévesque," said Trudeau standing a hand of playing, "Ah, how it's going?" Lévesque replied with outgoing ambiguity, Trudeau said: "It's going the way it's being run and it's not running well," Lévesque: "You don't have to tell me."

Both men are products of the old, narrow political elite in Quebec, where alliances and frictions in the family historically produced strange bed partners. Lévesque and Trudeau were part of the same system. At the time Trudeau was a law professor with his eye on federal politics and Lévesque was Jean Lesage's Minister of National Resources. Both were also members of an informal group put together by Jean Manohel to discuss provincial matters—in particular Lévesque's plan to nationalize the province's hydro companies. As declared in Peter Desbours' recent biography, *René A. Lesage: A Portrait of a Gentleman*, Trudeau and Lévesque never came to blows even evoking when Trudeau suggested that Quebec had better ways to invest \$300 million than on a nationalistic pipe dream. Subsequently, Lévesque's hydro take-over was acknowledged in a major magazine in Lévesque's lifetime society in 1982, an event that spurred increasing Quebec demands on Ottawa for more autonomy. Trudeau, moving to the federal field, saw his influence contribute to the end of Lester Pearson's "cooperative federalism" and the attendant assumption that Quebec was to be treated as a province unlike the others.

Understandably, the other premiers did not bring the same pressure to the Quebec issue when they arrived in Ottawa. That much was clear after Lesage and Trudeau stated their cases, respectively, for independence and federalism. Ontario's William Davis was the only leader to back up the revolution to respond. He said he would not "entirely make a radical approach" about Trudeau was offering "a more energetic federalism," Davis noted, he could start by giving in to the demands of the communist front.

Shedding any feeling his very surround a halo of hands twisting lights, Lévesque was clearly the media star of the event, which attracted more than 400 reporters and technicians. He basked in the spotlight, allowing people to take his measure again literally, in some cases. Ontario Treasurer David McKenney, for example, said he never realized Lévesque (for-let-out) was so short. Lévesque, a former TV journalist, even encouraged in his old role, sitting off his own analysis and reporting. Lévesque's words were half-dressed reporters who pointed against the closed-door session by a man on the first day, "analytically" Lévesque repeated the talks were really "the difficult bloody thing on air." Lévesque "the reporter" broke the pattern on the change between Trudeau and News Canada's Gerald Regan. Lévesque "the

They also serve who only sit and hammer out agreements

While public attention focused on the first meeting between Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and René Lévesque as premier of Quebec, this month's federal-provincial conference dealt privately with the issue of revenue sharing between the provinces and Ottawa. At times, the bargaining between the two levels of government was akin to a giant poker game with tax points instead of chips and millions of dollars at stake.

The hotly-trading involved a two-year agreement between the provinces and Ottawa that is due to expire March 31. Under the agreement, Ottawa transfers about nine billion dollars annually to provincial treasuries in the form of equalization grants, reimbursement for the federal share of medical and hospital insurance costs, post-secondary education grants and "revenue guarantees." Negotiations between Ottawa and the provinces over a new five-year agreement have been underway for more than a year but chances of achieving a new understanding by March 31 appear slim as the meetings began. Ottawa could always have acted unilaterally of course, but unilateral action proved unnecessary.

While total revenue transferred to the provinces under the new arrangement is virtually the same as the provinces would have received under the old formula, there are fewer strings attached. Beginning next year, some of the federal government's taxing authority will be trans-

ferred to the provinces in the form of tax points. Because the provinces will be using their own tax money to pay for education, they won't have to reimburse as much to Ottawa to get reimbursed.

The hottest conference debate, however, centred on the obscure "revenue guarantees" introduced in 1972. These guarantees were designed to protect provincial governments from any loss of revenue resulting from federal tax reform measures that same year. (Once the provinces levy income tax by taking a percentage of the federal income tax, any change in federal taxes affects provincial revenues as well.) The federal government wanted to increase revenue guarantees March 31. Federal Finance Minister Donald Macdonald argued with justification that the guarantees were only meant to be temporary to give the provinces some breathing space in which to adjust to a raised tax evenness. But the provinces, led by Ontario, decided to fight for retention of the guarantees rather than lose the politically unpopular issue of raising their own taxes. Meeting in Toronto October 20-21, they agreed to opt to demand from Ottawa four tax points, worth about \$5.5 billion over five years if revenue guarantees were to be phased out.

Macdonald's initial reaction when faced with the provincial demand was a flat "No." That he sounded out provincial finance ministers on the matter of one tax point, worth about \$1.37 billion over five years, as a compromise. "A point for provinces," federal negotiators said. The provincial ministers rejected it. Macdonald and his provincial counterparts then

passed the ball to Trudeau and the premiers.

On the opening day of their meeting, the premiers caucused and eight of the 10 (all but Quebec and N.C.) agreed to scale down their demands to three tax points. There was no initial response from Trudeau. But at dinner that evening, he offered to add \$1.37 billion, the equivalent of another tax point spread over five years. New Brunswick's Richard Hatfield was the first to jump off the new offer and soon the others followed. Said Ontario Premier William Davis: "Half a loaf is better than none." The next morning, after a 10-minute caucus, all the premiers but N.C. (Bernett) approved the federal offer. Then Bennett too accepted.

Said Ontario Treasurer Darcy McKenagh afterward: "At the end, nobody was very happy with the agreement. If the provinces were ready to say 'shove it,' we could afford to bluff. But New Brunswick and Newfoundland couldn't. We don't know how long we could put the smaller provinces through the wringer."

Both sides contemplated a split, but the provinces can probably be judged the winners because they started with nothing (on the revenue guarantee question) and ended up with \$2.74 billion over five years. The result on the federal treasury they prevent the government from cutting taxes next spring, as it wanted to do, although this year's surplus on the wealthy will be allowed to expire and fairly allowances will rise. On the other hand, the provinces may find they do not have to raise their taxes. Thus the taxpayer is likely to come out even. (SOCIETY PAGE)



Trudeau and Lévesque shaking hands across Quebec's Claude Morin despite opponents, it wasn't all The Pierre & René Show

commentator "escalated an accepted party describing Trudeau as 'a spent force.'"

Already Lévesque has personally altered federal-provincial affairs. His determination to dissolve the coalition forced Ottawa to heed the other provinces' appeals for decentralization. His election has postponed for several months Trudeau's personal goal of passing the Constitution. Above all, his November 8 victory has some of Trudeau's advisers shaking over the prospects of a federal election.

The confenser undermined the shift away from the uniting tendency begun in the Pearson years, instead that by the introduction of medicare and other national schemes. Compared to major Western federal states, Canada is already one of the most decentralist countries, with the provinces having greater control in areas such as immigration and natural resources.

But Trudeau has no intention of giving Quebec special power. That, says Health Minister Marc Lalonde, "he has the first step toward complete separation." Adds another key strategist: "What we have to do now is show the people of Quebec that we know after a good, respectful government. Let's hope there's a hint to soundingsigning. It is also important that English-Canadian now show that they care about Quebec. The battle is not going to be won by staging any confrontation."

The most menacing confrontation threatened now is at the start to the constitutional talks. The English-speaking pilot seemed determined to press on in their campaign to block two-language communications in Quebec—a campaign which, if a draw report from English Canada, plays right into Lévesque's game plan. The potential for trouble resulted in the plane carrying Lévesque took to Quebec City from the Ottawa conference cleared through the Montreal control region. Defying federal regulations now under review, Lévesque's pilot communicated in French with the co-pilots. An English-speaking Air Canada pilot observed the exchange and lodged a protest. Towing to place the revision of his government behind the pilot in any legal action, Lévesque declared: "Nobody can tell the pilot of a Quebec government plane not to speak French over Quebec." (SOCIETY PAGE)

QUEBEC CITY

First things first

It was billed by Premier René Lévesque as nothing more than a routine housekeeping session. But in the end, a pro-Quebec session of the Quebec legislature provided an invaluable glimpse into the shifting shift in



Macdonald and Lévesque: least a simple "housecleaning" session as a serving of notice

style and mood that has overtaken Quebec politics since the Parti Québécois victory November 13.

The mood was surprisingly cordial. One Parti Québécois member, for example, greeted newly elected Minister Jacques Macdonald, formerly a Liberal cabinet minister in Ottawa, by saying he is in the 10th member he met during the 1970 Quebec crisis. At that time, Macdonald was staunch in his defense of the 10's right to exist, insisting that a clear distinction be made between the party and the province. Parti de Libération Québécois (P.L.Q.).

The first goal of the party's determination to follow an independent course was the ending of the government's campaign address—it was utterly in French. Another might come soon after, when Lévesque and his Ministers of State for Clifford Allin, Camille Laurin, told reporters that controversial Bill 22—the law passed by former premier Robert Bourassa's Liberals in 1974, making French the official language—would be changed substantially. The new bill would give even higher priority to French, they said, especially as the language of work and within the house. Jacques-Yvan Morin, education minister and vice-president, rose in the National Assembly to say that until the current law is changed, its provisions must be obeyed, another indication of the care with which the government is walking the line between continuity and change.

Even before the legislature session there had been indications Lévesque and his cabinet were sticking to their pre-election promise to attack a new, more comprehensive code for the province. Transport and Public Works Minister Jeanne Lévesque had already said that a contract being used as a day-care center in Quebec

City not only would be saved from the radical demolition, but also its heating system would be improved. And, said Lévesque, a number of buildings in Hotel Scheraga to be torn down would be saved and turned to a citizens' group for one dollar for two years. In other developments, Justice Minister René Audet, declared dropped all the long-standing abortion changes against Dr. Henry Mougey after, while Social Affairs Minister Dennis Lussier accepted an increase in family allowances with a statement that he wants to compel housing decisions to spend two years in remote parts of Quebec.

A flurry of purely symbolic moves also followed the formation of the new government. The traditional prayer at the opening of daily sessions of the legislature was abandoned. Parti Québécois members were told to applaud in the Assembly rather than stand their desks in the old, established fashion. And, in one of its more subtle gestures, the government ordered the phrase "La Belle Province" to be dropped from Quebec's license plates and replaced with Quebec's official motto: "Je me souviens." (J. Romanow)

But perhaps the most dramatic move was a decision by Michel Charbon, Minister of Youth, Leisure and Sport, to disqualify Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau from membership on a committee studying ways of completing the Olympic Stadium. He also vetoed the proposed Montreal Expo contract to use the stadium, then attacked the team's management for plans outside it has made. Despite the fact that the Expo is threatening to leave town, Charbon said he had received overwhelming public support for his stand. Said Charbon in a declared broadcast: "The softening on Expo." (CIVILIAN PAGE)

Adult entertainment

At times it promises to outdo the latest movie on Vancouver's Granville Street Mall. And for the crowds that line up daily under the city's remarkable old courthouse, it surely fails to provide at least one useful thing out of how life on a tough police beat. The event, which has tapered and, in some cases, terrified Vancouverites since September, is the trial of women and two employees of a downtown nightclub on prostitution and public morals charges. Newspapers regularly blazon headlines reading: COURT TOLD OF SEX BET ON FOOT-BALL GAME; UNCLE SAM ALLEGED TO PUT SEXITE ON CREDIT CARDS. Meanwhile, the packed courtroom is treated to vivid descriptions of underwear cops in intimate conversations with prostitutes, opening under such suggestive names as "John Hawlow," "The 17-Pounder," and "Doris," nightly with hard dirt.

Changed by the courtroom general with attempting to live off the fruits of prostitution and competing to corrupt public morals are four members of the Phillips family, owners of the now-closed Peaches Club, and two employees. The trial might have occupied seats of the board publicly if it had occurred locally if police hadn't ducked that a large part of the Peaches clientele were new from the crown of Vancouver society. A vice squad detective said he had used a hidden camera to photograph everyone who left the club during an 11-day period in August, 1975, and, and one of his colleagues, "there were lots of very distinguished gentlemen." "What and the names of some of the public is still a matter of conjecture, but the possibility of disclosure has caused a persons tarry in high social circles.

The prosecution contends that the Peaches meeting must have been financed by frequentation of prostitutes at the club's 20% "revenue fee" to obtain cash advances on their credit cards. The prosecution also charges that a prostitute had to pay \$2.95 when she entered the club each night, over a three dollar fee a table had to pay an additional seven dollars (the left with a check for a nearby hotel but later wanted to return for more action. The Phillips and their employees deny all charges, saying that if there were any sexual advances connected with the club it was simply a matter of boy meeting girl.

Captain Bruce Belliveau, a vice squad officer, said he entered the club one night wearing a concealed electronic device that enabled him to monitor conversations in the room. He said he saw a police car outside. One tape played in court contained a conversation, said to have taken place at the Peaches, between Belliveau and a prostitute named Judy. The woman offered the cop a short answer for \$600 or a longer response for \$150. Belliveau: "What would I get for \$100?" Judy said: "You will get my fan-



The club (above) and Joseph Phillips (below): where the trial meet is ...



tailed" repeated the cop "You mean whip and chains and things?" No. Police women Linda Scholz, who posed as a prostitute at the club, said she also pretended to agree to have sex with a Peaches waiter (the last a bet on a football game. Scholz's source of the accused, Dominick Phillips (the last he has alleged the family name), told her that he and the waiter would each get \$300 bet, but that if the bet they would have to have intercourse with the waiter's wife (Phillips) watched. Scholz last the bet but told the waiter the couple's meet her de-

for a week because the had several disease. Detective George Barclay, another undercover cop, told the court he actually had difficulty finding the addresses of one of the Peaches women, Emily Bibble. Barclay said: "Every time I see Bibble, she offers me sex. She says 'Come on George' and I say 'I can't afford you Emily,' and she says 'Well only cost you \$10'."

Detective Norman Elbert, however, said he had learned that covering social prostitution is society is boring the world's oldest profession. Elbert and the club bartender had explained to him that prostitution doesn't only in places where it is difficult for men to find women prepared to engage in prostitution. "Look around you," the bartender told him, "they're doing near all business, but I bet you wouldn't want to go to bed with any of them. Why should you when there are so many free ones?"

LARRY STELL

OTTAWA

The buck stopped...where?

Don Mazowskie (left) repeatedly I am not involved in it who said up with the money. Whose account did it go into?

Alan Martin (left, Scarborough West). The name was given.

Reed Campbell (Chatham-Kent Area Energy of Canada Ltd.) I didn't know... Mazowskie's. (Continued)

Campbell: It is entirely in I read it was, Mr. Mazowskie. He's been a lot of a making at the House of Commons Public Accounts Committee.

By Christine, the Public Accounts



Foster, Campbell and Macdonald at the AECL hearings: outsource and outsource

Committee had been probing allegations of overpaid payoffs by Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. (AECL) for three weeks with outsource. Indeed, as the exchange above indicates committee members went about the task with an edginess noted of repetitive questions. Frustrated with the committee members were waiting "cover-up," but the fact may have been their own. Concerned committee chairman Allan Lawrence, former attorney general of Ontario, "We've got 30 prima facie sitting around that table, chaired by another prima donna."

Lawrence complained that his committee lacks staff, unlike the powerful investigatory committee of the United States, such as the Senate committee that broke open the Lockheed payoff scandal last year. But that committee, he noted, had a full staff of investigators and power to compel witnesses to appear and with power documents. Lawrence's committee does not, and it shows in the solemn questioning by its members.

As Chairman noted it, it became increasingly apparent that, for those covering up, AECL officials just do not know where the money went. In the case of the \$2.4 million payment to promote the nuclear reactor sale to Argentina, all that AECL knew was that it was paid into a Swiss bank account in the name of International General Trading Establishment of Luxembourg apparently a dummy corporation. Barry Mosher, Atomic Energy's legal counsel, admitted trying to trace the money beyond that point that he called to the RCMP, although just what the force could accomplish is an interestingly outside Canada was problematic.

AECL was able to finger the recipient of

the \$12.4 million payment to promote the reactor sale to South Korea. Shaul Eisenberg of Tel Aviv (Moscow's, December 15) list what he had with the money returned. Eisenberg offered to offer to be a bank to a friend-general James J. Macdonald, who first stated the overseas payments in his annual report last month. But the offer was conditional. Macdonald had to keep his findings confidential.

Lorne Goss, past president of AECL, is slated to appear before the committee in January. John Foster, the current president, has appeared already, but committee members have repeatedly questioned their questioning of AECL chairman Reed Campbell, who arrived at AECL just last year and has little firsthand knowledge of the overseas payments.

A handful of committee members, including Lawrence have posed some tough questions to AECL officials. Their harrow pointed a depressing picture of financial mismanagement in the Crown corporation. Resolutions of the AECL board of directors were not recorded, large overruns payments did not even require board approval, there was no standard against for overseas agents, and in the financing case, there was no contract at all. AECL officials risked for Canada's management look good," declared House Majority, the Conservative who played the role with revelations of mismanagement last year.

The government, recognizing the problem, pressured AECL into hiring a firm of management consultants to study its operations. In the broader context, the government is also phasing tighter control of all AECL's competitors. The new approach was signaled days a pre-Christmas presentation

sent of guidelines for Crown corporations without oversight. The guidelines specifically prohibit bribery or any other act that would be contrary to Canadian law, even if permitted under the law of the country in which the Crown corporation is doing business.

The government was also expected to announce by year-end a new policy on the sale of nuclear reactors abroad, setting tougher standards for purchase contracts, which hereafter were not required to be approved by the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty.

The new approach could result in lost sales for Canada. Even the Argentinean deal, which AECL has been attempting to renegotiate to avoid a \$100 million loss, could be in jeopardy. But a major change from its first reaction to the payoff allegations, the government seems to have accepted that. Staff Treasury Board President Robert Andros of the new, no-bribe guidelines. "Principles," AECL chairman said. "We Canadians must be fully aware of the price we must pay to live by our principles, to be the kind of people we want to be, and to ensure the kind of society we want to have." (Continued)

Vive L'Ouest libre?

It's barely an embryonic stage and it may never develop into a party, threatening political creation. But in the wake of René Lévesque's Québec nationalism, the nascent Canadian separatist movement has shown renewed signs of life and vigor. Loyalists among the new breed of politicians in Victoria lawyer Douglas Smith, a hard-line separatist, and in the Conservative Party of Western Canada, one of several such groups springing up in the West. Says Smith: "Look in Louis Riel. He represented the canner of people who had built farms, second hand, they're against the Confederation from the beginning. They [French French] had to conquer Manitoba and Saskatchewan in 1870 and 1885."

Christie's committee, like most similar groups in the Prairie provinces and British Columbia, seeks a new constitutional monarchy made up of the four western provinces, along with the Yukon and Northwest Territories. They share a deep anger at what they describe as economic exploitation and neglect of their region by Ottawa. But beyond that, they seem to have little in the way of long-term strategy. Christie claims a membership of 2,000 throughout the west (including 1,500 in BC) and his organization meets weekly to demonstrate the movement's strength in the drug political arena, says Christie, until membership reaches 50,000 and until a great deal more money is contributed to the cause (the biggest single donation so far is \$300). But others are less positive

about, and/or separatist groups already exist in Alberta and Manitoba.

Early in December, a new Western Canadian Party, intent on independence, was incorporated in St. John's. Ed Friesang, who owns a U.S. aircraft distribution company in Vancouver, says the party will field a full slate of candidates in the next provincial election, adding that it will concentrate on winning independence for B.C. and possibly Alberta, before broadening its scope.

As in most new political movements, the various groups are slowly fracturing. A spokesman for Christie's organization describes the new party as "a bunch of footmen with lots of big fat money and expensive accounts." Friesang laughs at the criticism and denies Christie's organization as a committee rather than a political movement. Although Western separatists have

yet to present itself as an imminent threat to Canadian unity, it seems to have gained more of a foothold in recent months and leaders of the movement are intent on raising key attempts to vote them back to mainstream politics. (The next Christie "You never surrender when you believe you're right, not until they wipe you out.")

GEORGE GARDNER

Again the sins of the fathers are laid upon the children

For George Redhead, the nightingale patrol through the small, isolated northern Manitoba community of Shamattawa has held few surprises. While checking the feet of the local drags in centre on this cold night in November, his battery-powered flashlight suddenly lit up the crouched figure of a small boy clutching a battered tin and sniffing its contents anxiously. It was a devastatingly familiar sight. This forgotten gasoline and in Shamattawa a Cree Indian centre of 550 people, gasoline sniffing by the children is as pervasive as drunkenness among the adults. But it is immeasurably more deadly.

For years, the desolate settlement accepted gas sniffing as an unfortunate but inevitable by-product of chronic alcoholism. So widespread was the practice that parents often provided the children with a supply of gasoline and encouraged them to sniff it. Their way into oblivion so the older folk could get drunk together without interruption. But last April, for the first time, the potentially disastrous effects of inhaling gasoline fumes became apparent in Shamattawa when 17-year-old Leonard Miles was rushed to hospital in Winnipeg suffering from alcohol poisoning, tremors and poor coordination—all signs of lead poisoning, the direct result of sniffing. Several days later Miles died. Dr. Roger Bockor, an obstetrician and expert in chemical pathology at the Winnipeg Children's Centre, was the privately recruited to head a medical team appointed to test Shamattawa's 200 other young people for lead poisoning. They found the contamination was widespread and 37 youngsters were quickly evacuated 1400 miles southwest to Winnipeg for treatment. An hour after they left a second youth who had missed the tests died in Shamattawa. His symptoms matched Leonard's. Physicians evaluated him and concluded:

Medical authorities concluded that gasoline sniffing can cause mental deterioration, delayed development, hyperactivity and retardation. Says Dr. Bockor: "If the gasoline sniffing had continued in 20 years we will have a generation of people [in Shamattawa] who can't help themselves in a sense, it will be cultural genocide. Aware that alcoholism is at the root of the sniffing problem, the band council has placed the problem in the hands of Shamattawa, an aboriginal Indian reserve squatted for 25 years, be given the status of a reserve where no liquor was allowed. But talks on the issue are stalled



Shamattawa kids (above) and the gasoline drums (below) in this case a kid did have to die before anything was done.



because the province is willing to turn the land over to the federal government only if it can retain appropriate rights for a road at hydro right-of-way in a concession the council is unwilling to make. The council has been successful in getting the Manitoba Liquor Control Commission to prohibit the sending of booze to Shamattawa through the mail, but supplies have been maintained by residents who charter planes to fly the liquor in from other northern centres.

The federal Indian affairs and health and welfare departments have poured \$100,000 into Shamattawa in a campaign

to improve living conditions and wipe out sniffing, but benevolent funding has yielded much of no impact. Money was set aside for construction of a small fish processing factory but it was completed only last September, when the fishing season was nearly over. Two community activists went to help in the new drop-in centre, but they still haven't been heard and patrol officers such as Redhead, appointed by the council to track down sniffers, say the task is overwhelming. The first crisis for Shamattawa was the mid-December firing of the government-appointed development officer. Accused of playing the move was a halt on all government-funded projects in the community until a replacement is found.

Shamattawa itself would have died long ago had it not been for Indian affairs department welfare payments and even those who still hunt and fish can't make ends meet from the money they take in. There have been suggestions that the whole community be resettled, but the residents are cool to the idea. Says Chief Joel Beaudy: "No matter where you go you can't change your style of living unless you want to change it on your own. The issue has to come from the people. I don't see any land better than Shamattawa for the way we make our living. If we are going to change, it has to be here."

So far there is little reason for optimism. RONALD W. GORDON

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Things best left alone?

Genetic research could save mankind, or destroy it. Now that science can create new life, should it be allowed to do so?



Doomsday scenario: ant crawls into specially designed recombinant DNA (DNA molecule is on facing page); a chain of events results, years later, in a sharp and sudden increase in cancer

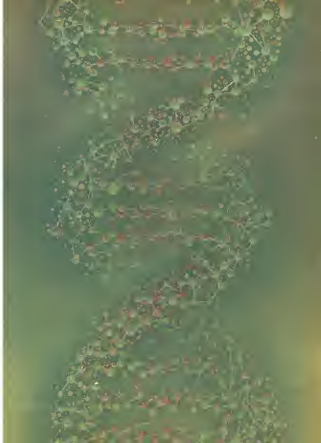
By Michael Enright

"We must never make experiments to change our nature but simply to control them."—Claude Bernard, the founder of experimental medicine

The office of the mayor of the city of Cambridge, Massachusetts is only slightly less spacious than its current occupant, Alfred Velasco. It is all dark mahogany heavy-legged desks and chairs that moan with age and a vintage antique telephone big enough to park a Volkswagen. The mayor who likes to be called "Mr. Mayor" or "Al" is short, round and exuberant. A lifelong Democrat, he has been in city council for 22 years. The last time he ran for mayor, he cheerfully campaigned as "The Goodfather." He also smokes lucky strikes, speaks with a soft New England rasp, keeps the taxes down and it is said by some, has a tendency to put his influence on the city payroll. Until a few months ago, he was really nothing more than a good-willive politician dithering about sidewalk repairs, new schools and the ever-present traffic problem.

Now, because of "this new business," he is something more. He is a shaman for the scientifically unimpaired, the suburban layman trying to come to grips with an issue he knew nothing about six months ago. The most already remote recesses of science have landed on his desk and now Mayor Velasco can see the picture "Mayor Velasco of Cambridge" taking up on the front pages of the newspapers of the world. He tries to simplify what he does not understand and does the same in the ragged cloth of his own emotions.

"Look, you remember those fantastic old warning apples? Great, I used to love them, you know, the great big red juicy ones. Well, guess, one day you read in the morning paper that they've been dipping the things in red dye that can make you sick or give you cancer and whatnot." The



Lucky Strike grinds into the ash tray and the Mayor shakes his head. "It means what the hell it looks like is that?"

Cambridge, with a population of 160,000, sits across the Charles River from Boston. It is a one industry town and that industry is education—specifically Harvard University and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The life of the city revolves around those two institutions, their faculties and their students. The Harvard-MIT axis gives Cambridge a special, academic undercurrent that touches the town's daily life, its manners, its restaurants, its bookstores, even the way people dress. There must be more cordial jitters and dozier hours in Cambridge than anywhere else in the country. The town-gown relationship has always been polite but cool. The academics were taught at the two schools lived in Cambridge, true enough, but they never really used the city.

It used to be that when Harvard or MIT wanted something of the city someone in the university called someone in City Hall and said this is going to happen. So last

June when Harvard applied to city council for permission to build a special kind of laboratory no one thought too much about it. But then no one had bothered to think of Al Vellano. The mayor, Harvard scientists wanted to convert three rooms and a kitchen in the biology building into a convenient lab for genetic research. In order to build the new unit, the university needed building and occupancy permits. And to get those permits, Harvard needed Al Vellano. But the mayor had been tipped off by two well-known scientists that what the Harvard people were going to do in their new lab could be dangerous to the population of Cambridge, and in stead of issuing the permits in a matter of some he ordered a special council meeting last summer where those in favor and those against could present their case. It is the history of American science that has never been a meeting quite like it.

For the layman, biology seems to be the most alien of all sciences. It involves mice and women in white lab coats working with frogs and microscopes. Biologists

hunt, stain, pour dishes and bag—most of all bugs. The scientists use the bugs—in their laboratories—the set of their biology acts in the same way as human biology. In the last 30 years or so, some of the most exciting developments have had to do with genetics and molecular biology. In 1944, a group of scientists at Rockefeller Institute in New York showed for the first time that the basic hereditary substance of all cells was something called deoxyribonucleic acid or DNA, in short, DNA. Shaped like intertwining spiral staircases, DNA controls the growth and reproduction of all living cells and is found in the nucleus of every cell. Scattered along its length are genes, substances that determine every characteristic in plants and animals—the shape of a man's nose, the color of a tomato, the reason we have hair on our heads and not on the soles of our feet. Genes control the manufacture in the body of body of hormones and acids that are needed to digest food and turn it into energy. The study of a single gene gives a scientist a key to the most profound secrets of the origin and continuation of life. It provides the scientist with the opportunity of peering into the genetic material of living things and to make, in effect, new life. If the scientists were excited about studying a single gene, they were positively giddy over the idea of studying genes in insects or genes that could be shared with other genes. By recombining the genes of various organisms, biologists could study the behavior of genetic material and find out why some genes go crazy, and diseases such as cancer. Science knows that some viruses are cancer producing or cancer-fighting, but those cancer-causing don't usually cause cancer unless they mix with other genes called proto-oncogenes. Scientists don't know why this should be, but they are on it.

The technique of gene recombination is called recombinant DNA experimentation. That's what the Harvard biologists wanted to do with their new lab in Cambridge. But like all scientific experiments, it was a controversial development. For example, if you split an atom you can get two things: an atom bomb as well as radiation waves to treat cancer tumors. It is the same with DNA. What was facing science at the moment that recombinant DNA experiments were initiated, was not only the possibility of developing recombinant genes that could explain the way certain cancer viruses work but also new, potentially dangerous, uncontrolled forms of life.

The technique went forward. A way was found to actually cut bits of DNA from a bacterium by using a chemical scalpel called a restriction enzyme. When the restriction enzyme does its cutting, it leaves what scientists call "a sticky end" on the DNA. When this sticky end is hooked up to another piece of similarly cut DNA, it immediately attaches itself to it. Now you have one DNA of a gene that has never existed before in nature, say the recombinant gene of a fruit fly and an elephant. But one

gene isn't very much to study so scientists looked for a way to make hundreds or thousands of them to observe. They took the recombinant gene and introduced it into a bacterium. They found that the new hybrid grew and reproduced as the host bacterium grew and reproduced. The trouble in the host bacterium they thought is something called E coli. Because they knew it was so hard to make a new gene, they put the recombinant gene in the gut and bowel system of every human being, every bird and every mammal on earth. This raised the specter of doomsday: what if one of those newly created E coli ever got out of the host? It could wind up in somebody's stomach and from there to everybody's stomach. According to scientists who believe it, a doomsday scenario could go like this: suppose an ant mutated to get a specially designed recombinant DNA and crawl around for awhile. It enters an ant's stomach, ordinary E coli. Suppose this ant crawls on and out of a glass dish. Later, specially weakened E coli bacteria withering on the ground are added to the dish. But they can't left behind and some normal, healthy coli which picks up the consumed stuff during its experiment. Suppose there is a spill. The coli particles are spat out on the air and inhaled by the scientist. The spill is cleaned up and no one suspects anything because it was thought that the bacteria being used were weakened and safe. The scientist goes home and years later dies of cancer. There is perhaps a nasty increase in the incidence of cancer in his town. An ant biologist put it: "You won't get a mass epidemic of people falling over, but in 25 or 30 years, the population will be a little less healthy than they should be."

The scientist is a doctor of research with recombinant DNA, a doctor that such a scenario is realistic, that such biological accidents could be contained and that the benefits to mankind and to science far outweigh any hypothetical dangers. It was these two groups of scientists, each glibly brilliant and ambitious, who came into Mayor Villano's council chamber to educate the politicians about the regulations and virtues of DNA.

The meeting began with a mixture of schizoid and patriotism: the Pledge of Allegiance and the singing of *This Land Is Your Land* by students from Cambridge High. The room was jammed with some of the best scientists in the United States. Anti-scientists were set up in the foyer for the evening. A staff member from Senator Edward Kennedy's office was there taking notes. Vellano asked the scientists to speak plain English as they explained why they were for or against recombinant DNA experimentation. Dr. Ruth Hubbard, a biology professor at Harvard and an opponent of the proposed laboratory, tried to explain the so use of recombinant DNA. "The transfer of genes from higher to lower organisms occurs rarely if ever in nature. We therefore have

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The procedure: a bit of DNA is cut from a bacterium and hooked up with another piece of DNA; result is a gene that never existed before in nature, say that of a fruit fly and elephant

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no way of evaluating the safety of this new technology that is so far from manufacturing organisms, but so far from the genes themselves are different when they are in different environments. We cannot predict how the genes of E. coli will act when foreign genes are put into it. But we do know that going to sit in E. coli, but we do know that these new organisms are made by the genes and spread and they cannot be recalled at will. The ordinary scientist that most of us do is unpredictable in the same way that I cannot predict what will happen every time I go into the kitchen to make a cake. But I'm pretty darn sure it's not dangerous and it's a lot of work to make it. The new scientist is not predictable in the same way that I cannot predict what will happen every time I go into the kitchen to make a cake. But I'm pretty darn sure it's not dangerous and it's a lot of work to make it. The new scientist is not predictable in the same way that I cannot predict what will happen every time I go into the kitchen to make a cake. But I'm pretty darn sure it's not dangerous and it's a lot of work to make it.

Those who wanted the lab built tried to

emphasize that recombinant DNA research could lead to enormous benefits for man. For instance, it might be possible to produce bacteria whose sole task would be to manufacture insulin. Or it might open the way toward identifying and correcting genetic disorders by replacing sick genes with healthy ones. It's entirely conceivable that the worldwide problem of starvation could be eradicated if plants that made their own fertilizers could be produced. But the politicians were worried about the safety of the scientists to contain in the lab what they professed in the lab. They had read the horror stories of fluorocarbon used in nuclear cases involving the world's second layer and its potential for disaster. They knew that the science that gave the world penicillin was the same science that had come up with DDT. Containment was the problem.

The Harvard biologists argued that guidelines recently set down by the National Institutes of Health at Washington are more than adequate to contain the

new forms of life. In addition to actual physical containment was an extensive safety lesson called biological containment - the production of organisms that would only survive in the laboratory and would perish on the outside. Dr. Mark Posner, a molecular biologist at Harvard, tried to reassure the politicians about all the potential benefits the projects have left behind. "I believe these experiments under these extraordinary conditions have less risk than many of the experiments that go on in every university and every hospital and every research institution in the country. And that these risks are significantly less than the risks you live with every day like crossing the street or owning a pet."

It was clear from the tone of the meeting that more than science was involved. What began as an issue of pure science evolved into a problem of pure politics. Who was to have the say over what experiments should be allowed, the scientists doing them or the people living in the community where they would be carried out? It was the scientists themselves who exposed the dangers of the new genetic research. Two years ago at the molecular conference centre of Astoria near Monterey, Calif., 119 of the world's top genetic scientists met for four days to discuss over the moral borders of their experiments. What became apparent at the end of the conference was the fact that nobody could say one way or another what the outcome of the experiments would be. The risks of pure genetic experiments could not be measured. Now in Cambridge, the sociopolitical questions were raised all over again. The city council did the worst thing. It called for a technical commission on all recombinant DNA research in Cambridge. This is appointed a special new board made up of ordinary citizens of the city, some with scientific backgrounds and some without, to study gene transposition in all its changing aspects. This review board, which meets weekly in the city hospital boardroom, was to report by the end of the year. The politicians will then have to decide the next step.

Our former councilor said: "My God, in my five years of being on this council, I never thought I would have to make a scientific, political decision. But I guess that it has come to that point, that the scientific world cannot make its own decision and is asking for help to protect the citizens of this city."

One of the leading opponents of recombinant DNA experimentation is Dr. Jonathan King, a native of Brooklyn who went to Yale on a football scholarship, studied at Cal Tech, was active in the anti-war movement of the Sixties and has been in and out for the past seven years. He belongs to a group called Science for the People. He wants all recombinant DNA experiments halted until it can be empirically shown that the danger is minimal. By opposing the research at MIT, which is at the world leader in the science, King clashes

headlong not only with the scientific establishment but with the hallowed tradition of the free scientist working unencumbered by the political realities of the outside world. "Look, the worst of this type of experiment is scientific merit only. It doesn't have any relationship to social needs. The idea of pure science is garbage. You're not, scientists are brought up to understand that they are public servants paid for by public funds, not to entertain themselves but to contribute to society." In King, the idea of a perfectly contained laboratory with no chance of the bacteria having contact with the outside world is ludicrous. "If you ever

get what we call a splash, that means an accident. The deaths of the staff in the air. You breathe in the bugs. It's just a breath, you can't keep the bacteria from getting out." He is equally unimpressed with the theory that weakened bacteria with no chance of survival outside the lab could be developed for the experiments. "The weakened bacteria that you're talking about. The thing has to be strong enough to reproduce if it's so good. It may be sick but it can't die and even if it were the dead bacteria still give off gas. These scientists say 'We'll create a bacterium that can't live without vitamins.' Okay, so how many lit-

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The conflict: what began as a problem in pure science evolved into one of pure politics; if war is too important to be left to the generals, can genetic research be left to the scientists?

man bring take vitamins? Answer—everybody.

It is King perhaps more than any other scientist who has rejected political science into what five years ago would be just another academic debate. And he knows the consequences. "You are there is a problem. If you stand up and say that this research is dangerous, we should stop it, then you're interfering with somebody's livelihood. It's a question of responsibility. If they pay for their research out of their own money and as long as it doesn't do any damage, then they let them go ahead. But the way it is now, they should be held responsible for that science to the public."

On the other side of the argument is Mark Pascoe. A slight man, he has a Woody Allen face and a way of throwing his feet up on the coffee table. He was born in Chicago and went to Harvard 15 years ago as a graduate student. His specialty is molecular biology and some of his colleagues say that at some point Pascoe's work will

win him a Nobel Prize. The recombinant DNA controversy has wrrenched Pascoe out of the cloister of his lab and thrown him into a political tempest. He doesn't like it. He is agitated in fact of going around with DNA research as a way to improve man's knowledge of life and disease and he doesn't want to be politically dishonest the argument that the experiments are dangerous. "You this is important research. But I wouldn't risk anybody's life for it." He is Jonathan King's, opposite number on the controversy and he charges King and the other opponents of the research with political manipulation of science that is morally bankrupt. "The way the psychology works in this, we thought, making that by going the other side and making things that much safer people would be reassured. What has happened is that the scientists and our attempts to make things safer have alarmed people not reassured them. You tell them that Harvard is building a \$500,000 facility to do research that isn't any more dangerous

than keeping a pet cat, people don't believe you. But it happens to be true. Our position at Harvard has always been the most conservative in the country. We don't even allow nuclear weapons to be used and they're said as every other place in this country until in Canada." He has letters from every American Nobel laureate in the field to substantiate his claim that recombinant DNA research is harmless. "There is not a single expert in infectious diseases in the country not one—and God knows we've had enough of them at these meetings—who takes the view that these experiments create a serious hazard. And there are people whose job it is to know what bacteria do or don't do and who have no vested interest in the experiments. The overwhelming majority of informed opinion on this matter consider the idea of danger virtually a joke."

The biggest question for Pascoe is the idea that maybe there are areas of science where the scientist shouldn't tread. "The honest approach that needs is really moral, not scientific. Should man have knowledge? This is a profound moral, ethical question. When a guy says no, you shouldn't have that knowledge that's his position respected because we're all confused about that." What Pascoe does not "fess up" are those people who arouse the populace on the grounds that these experiments will allegedly kill people, he believes that that is nonsense. "If you take seriously the argument that these experiments have to be stopped because they are dangerous, it guarantees you that you will then stop all experiments with animals, you'll move all hospitals out of cities because hospitals are dirty places and you'll even have to move all dogs and cats out of cities. The way the general developments are going, if they proceed, we are probably going to see the end of science as a cultural activity as we now know it."

Canadian research into recombinant DNA is not extensive. But Dr. Susan Nuzum, a scientist with the National Research Council, recently published a new "barker" molecule that will allow genetic material to be easily inserted into a bacterium. That could bring nearer the day when new forms of bacteria might be created for the purpose of serving mankind. Nevertheless, other Canadian scientists are concerned over the implications of recombinant DNA research. One is Dr. Louis Sirois, chairman of the department of medical genetics at the University of Toronto. He is chairman of a non-member panel set up last year to draw up guidelines for handling recombinant DNA in Canadian research. Sirois is not a political moderate in the debate but he raises some interesting questions about danger versus benefit in his medical research. "Research that what the public doesn't appreciate is that there are labs all over the world all over Canada that are working with very pathogenic [disease-causing] organisms all the time. They have

to believe they are labs that isolate infections. If you want to know if you've got Lassa fever virus, somebody has to do the work to see if you've got Lassa fever virus. If you want to know whether you have scabies, somebody's got to do the work and you've got to have the labs in order to do the work."

Dr. David Suzuki, a geneticist and perhaps the best known scientist in Canada, comes down on the side of a moratorium. His argument is simple, delaying this research until we are sure it is safe won't kill anyone, going ahead with it might. "In the past 25 years there has been a tremendous change in science and that is that the discovery-application time has been reduced significantly. Something discovered one day can be immediately implemented the next. And right now we don't know the dangers of the implications of these experiments. The Cambridge meeting confronted a scientific elite with a new reality. Citizens, through politicians, are demanding a voice in defining the limits and direction of the research they're subsidizing. No longer can scientists assume that because we know how to do something, we must do it."

The Cambridge City Council meeting brought into fire from the disbelieving side of morality in science. Even the biologists who want to continue their search for new genetic knowledge with recombinant DNA experiments have been forced to look beyond their laboratories to their public accountability. The ethics of armed science have now become a matter of public debate. The Cambridge experimenters' review board may recommend that DNA experiments be allowed only under stringent supervision. Public pressure will be put on the international scientific community to observe vigilance in dealing with these bacteria. It's conceivable that the Nobel Prize committee will be pressured to withhold any honors to scientists working with recombinant DNA. The scientists who oppose the research will continue their fight to publicly inform governments and levels to impose moratoriums on recombinant DNA experiments. Caught in the middle is the layman, who has to sort out the ethics from the science and decide whether to press the book or the sword. In a world where everything that man does, whether for recreation, pleasure or enlightenment seems to cause cancer in rats, fear is compounded by confusion. Only prayer and firing arms will soothe. Science has opened up another book and both sides try to teach and describe the game to lose. At Velours and his apples are the dark side of it all. Police vaccine, liver surgery and kidney transplants are the obvious. Even the scientists who are good at opening the books don't know. There's more is known about recombinant DNA, how it works and what it's doing to rats, are going ahead with it seems at best absurd and at worst potentially lethal. Man and his genes are offered to walk.

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The risk, by analogy: science was able to split the atom, making a number of things possible; on the positive side, the treatment of cancer by radiation, and on the negative side, The Bomb

Exit laughing

The Mary Tyler Moore Show may be retiring at the end of this season but the Mary Tyler Moore empire will, with luck, go on forever

Lead back though they are, Los Angeles can be as socially as anyone else when the karma feels wrong. Recently, a California magazine had a blemish that seemed high on its editorial Richter scale. *Superwoman* was on the cover, and the cover girl was jumping roller. Strong in the knowledge of an alien whose trendy kin had come, the magazine's editor and photographer team set out on a round of interviews with the men. Helen Reddy and her husband, Anne-Marie test took, Carol Burnett and Sam

And then they came to Mary Tyler Moore and Garry Tucker, and things came awry. Against the advice of his aides, Tucker agreed to a photo session and interview. The result, he remembered later, was ghastly, and though the Tucker could refuse the photographer's prime request—"You are a performing monkey," Tucker exploded when asked for a gag shot, propped up by his back when he had no control over the printed word, which suggested that Tucker was little more than a headless appendage, accidental participation to Mary's drive. Tucker, a former vice-president who built the Mary Tyler Moore empire and is nobody's hangover, on, fired off a memo to his aides: "Next time you talk me into something, you're fired." It was one of them later: "Nice sense of humor, that man."

Indeed, Tucker is a man in a way that regular show business is something propped by the Constitution, where everybody else does shirk, and where most people are paying that Barbara Stanwick will find it on her just with her remake of *A Star Is Born*. Tucker is an unrepentant, self-deprecating wack who gives the impression he knows that there are other things in the world beside the sitcom. The show has a cooked there to them, reflected in the fact that the Tinkers are selling the *Highway Mary Tyler Moore Show* off the air at the end of the season even though it is still seen regularly by some 35 million viewers in the United States and Canada every week. "Enough is enough," says Tucker. "It'll be seven years," says his wife. "I want to go just when we're still good, not being tired for people to say, Oh, show again."

I cannot help but imagine any man born of woman, or woman either, being bored

with anything Mary Tyler Moore chose to appear in, even if it be on a show selling the engineering specifics of the Headroom storm sewer. Other guys get credit for maintaining the image of television heroes, for seeing that Mary Richards demands equal pay with the men, for having her spend the night with her boyfriend, for playing a single career woman with dignity, not fat cheap laughs, all that. But Tucker? Not that it bother me that last year and this the same show has been running slightly behind its spin-offs, *Ally McBeal* and *Phyllis*. And let often that the traditional variant of Norman Lear's shows, such as *48 In The Family*, *Murphy Brown*, and *Mary Hartman*, Mary Horvath Mary Tyler Moore out hold you on the edge of a laugh until it burns, and uses charm like a boarding party. Her grin, lopsided and serene, and her timing, balanced and precise, are offensive weapons. She can take a simple phrase like "Caution, Mr. Driver" and play strange ebullience on it—but voice rising up and down the scale, darkening or lightening with curiosity, incredulity, anger or a mix of all three. She effortlessly transforms a neutral, that is, mild formula staff of a rooming house into a lead. In short, she is a marvel, and many years from now, long after the specifics of all her shows, past and future, have been forgotten, people will still have a clear image of Mary Tyler Moore, and where they remember her but they will smile.

Yet in the beginning, the same show came close to not being done at all. After the Dick Van Dyke Show, which gave her stardom in the 60s, went off the air, the offed Mary Tyler Moore her own series. To that end in 1976, Tucker hired two young writers—Sam Brooks, creator of *Knots 222*, and Alan Burns, who had written a lot of *He and She*, a one-season wonder too late appreciated in developing a character for his wife to play and the reluctance to play that. "The idea was that Mary should be divorced," Burns explains, "and was getting over it by moving to a new town, meeting new people, making new friends—including Alvin, her Jewish friend from New York. We didn't know for some time quite what the job should be. Before we'd decided, we were called to New York to have a meeting with the CBS program department. Mike Dine was the

senior vice-president in charge and he turned to this huge fat man who'd run some preliminary testing of our concept of the character. 'Tell these guys what your findings are,' Dine said. 'Well,' said the fat man, 'see how that certain thing won't work, viewers just will not watch certain things.' And then he ran down a list: 'People from New York, people with mustaches, Jewish people, and divorced people.'"

Burns and Brooks gave their rebuttal. At last, they said. Richards wouldn't have a mustache, and women's more people in the Western world, except Italy, looked by divorce—it wasn't anyone. It didn't like them much good. The CBS programmers were affable—"we're not about to tell you not to have Mary divorced but we do advise against it." They remained, the explanation being that if Brooks and Burns went ahead with their story they'd had themselves scheduled as 3 a.m. on every case. Small wonder, perhaps, since Dine was the boss at the time—the witty-eyed programmer who once, when asked by a CBS station manager what the network had to offer for them that year, breezily replied: "Oh, the same old crap." Those were the days when CBS ruled the primetime ratings game in and year out. Dine could get away with a remark like that because the same old thing was apparently what people liked—Buddies and so.

Meanwhile, those who rocked the boat were puns. As the Tucker party left a CBS programmer took Tucker's top aide aside: "Arise," he murmured, affable in every, looking the other way, only trying to help. "Why don't you get rid of those guys?" Those guys, who already had an uneasy space learned about this bleep a year later, just as well, because after New York they were already on the point of calling the whole project off.

"Who needed that kind of amateurish mentality?" asks Burns today, surrounded by awards, subdued lighting, tinted and leather furniture. Still after a bit of thought—"we owed it to the Tinkers" and besides it was a hell of a job—he and Brooks compromised. No divorce for Mary, just the suggestion of an unhappy

By David Cobb

Burns and Tucker, on the set, she is the star; behind the scenes, another matter



offer is an immediate past Misses which would be richly and exclusively, but Rhoda Montgomery from New York would say. Their troubles were not yet over. Personal profits and losses on network is not so great that the executive salaries are fixed with second-guessing and cut-backs. *Go! Ladies, a television newsmag—* "and she's 30 and unmarried!" The word "loser" keeps cropping up the idea being that 30-year-old women in the American Dream would always be blantly earned. "And that was 1979," says Barns, social and cheerful. "Seems incredible now, if anybody can say anything like that today they'll get their heads broken to them on screen."

When the first show was finally aired, the programmers were full of nervous anticipation: some Rheda down, deep Clavin Lowchman ("too obscure"), and who chose Edward Asner?—he's Broadway drama, not TV comedy. Four editors and six years as news editor Lou Grant behind him, Asner has a new series planned around him for next season. And outside Borah's office is a framed sampler from a fan: "Dear Mary Tyler Moon, Thank you for all the happiness your show has brought me, Virginia."

[illegible]

"You have been in the driver's seat for so long that they're the last ones to know why it's all crashing around their ears," says an NTEF Executive director. "In recent years they've lost good men to the financial



The MTM Show's Betty White, Gavin MacLeod, Asner (who's resting on MacLeod's Tail Keefe) and George E. Stone succumbing Moore: all good things come to an end

works and their replicants aren't heaven's best or good, heaven's had the right instead. And the projects they're turning down in the development area? They're just not very professional or able any more. Watch, by the end of the season they'll be where Arc always used to be—at the bottom. And if it weren't for Walt's own egoism, things would be even worse."

[illegible]

ing about the *Miami* show," says one observer, "was that it was not only dull but tacky. Tack isn't what you associate with Miami."¹⁷

[illegible]

Now it's not any pressure at all from the actors. "I've been places," says Allan Burns, "where the writer's an idiot, and where the actors dictate everything. Think of what could have happened here: Mary's not only an idiot, she's the owner. But she has always deferred to the creative forces behind the scenes—and all the other shows have followed suit. The respect for the word here is extraordinary."

part of fiction and flow of nonfiction from the Newhart canon. Operating out of the second-story nest deep to the subway, New York-originated, pre-*Hee-Ho*, Rhode, Newhart inspiration creates an air of mystic charm, like the star: "It's a matter of course that imitation is to them that displease, consequently doesn't happen, not true in the manner has any aspect of the show—not winter, not a divorce, not an episode, not a performance, not even good old Bob hope still—been so much as mentioned for an affinity. "The trouble," says a writer for another show, "is that the Newhart show is creation. You can't give Bob a series of one-liners, but he's one of the great actors. A lot of people don't just love funny but he, except the public."

Two years ago when Rhoads started faked with head-swelling publicity and speculations that it quickly fulfilled Valerie Harper knew it was a trap. "I liked to work in privacy on a closed set. Up went the sign RHODES—ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE, CAST AND CREW ONLY. The door to the Newhart operation is two pieces of red felt, being one of the great reactions I've had in putting up that reply. 'WELCOME OUR SET IS OPEN TO SUNDRESS, CLIMB, PRINCE, AND COW BOY' on a black sign." Bob thought that the hell, we might get a little overflow from the disappointed Rhoads fans and every little bit helps." Valerie Harper was very amused. Her sign is no longer there, but Newhart's remains.

Apart from the impending retirement of the show that started it all, this has been a season of great change for MME production. Before being killed by runaway animals, Zoo—which had been big wild over-forties—had had its home-like removed at the request of CBS, which was after a younger audience presumably as of touch with domestic scenes. The photo studio segments in *Phyllis* have been deleted and replaced by a new job for Phyllis as a secretary for the office and Rhodie's, Jo has left her

[illegible]

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lose them lighting more than before sometimes in bed," says Lyman. "Believable," says Gordon cheerfully. "That's the secret."

The most radical changes have been to Phyllis and Rhoda. Those responsible say that in both cases they were made to broaden the possibilities. "We weren't getting enough mileage out of the photo studio," says Sam Denesh. "The CBSman writer and executive actor who moved to Los Angeles in 1968 and [with Ed Weinberger] created Phyllis last year. "In the city office we can do much more with Cleve." The remarkable Leachman, who touched the fatal of comic lines between the women's empathy and mistrust, has created a character in whom we can see something of our opportunistic self-serving selves, and her show, with or without the photo studio, has perhaps the widest character range of any sitcom. I now the being close of Rhoda's Schwab's photographer and will not readily forget his goofy grin in a photograph he'd taken of an enormous hamburger (see: I buckled the seatme seat's). But there was always something wrong about Lee Tatum, whose family line seemed to have been the wrong side of her face. Now that Phyllis has a new

job, Tatum too has left the scene: out of the theater townies of current TV history might question how long the photo-studio series would have lasted with Barbara Colby (replaced by Tatum after Colby's well-considered murder in a Los Angeles street last year) who had warmth and a highly individual humor.

Denesh and Weinberger had also begun to expand Mother Dearest's role as Phyllis for the late Judith Levy for the excellent reason that audiences were crazy about her. In December Mother Dearest was proposed to by her beau Rust Mottus—at 92 the oldest working actor on the continent—and when the show was filmed the effect had on a packed studio audience was unrestrained. So too when she was married (December 15) and launched into a typically only Mother Dearest humor, by phone, of a cub company because the date was late to take her to the wedding. "Well, what if I told you I was in labor?" Okay, I'm in labor. When was my last confinement? In 1914, but it was a dilly. Now happy!" Alas the marriage was not to last long, two weeks before the no-date of her wedding, Lewy 92 collapsed and died on a New York sidewalk, and Mottus, after his brief Indian summer on television, a



Weinberger (left) and Denesh (above) Phyllis is wherever they want her to be

new confined to a retirement home. The backing of shows already taped will maintain Mother Dearest will be seen on Phyllis on January, after which the part will probably evaporate—since sitcom audiences are not supposed to be able to handle real death—without explanation.

On the other hand, TV audiences are crazy about weddings and burles. Remember Lucille Ball, pregnant with Desi Arnaz Jr. finally producing him in an infant on *I Love Lucy*? Hays, Rembrandt—gracious Lord, who can forget—Max Yerkis marrying Taty Tim on the Astor City Green Show? In essence, Al Rhoda's marriage for in the one-hour special back in October, 1967? Best estimates are that that was watched by 31 million households. When Edwidge's long-ovated sympathy—helping with ships, slaves, reviews, social comment—from coverage of that one event alone. Otherwise rational-thinking people across the United States arranged Rhoda and her wedding party on the night the show was aired. Everybody loved it.

Now MRS is in the process of dismantling the whole thing. Joe has left her Rhoda's back to her old love, and the more attractive person around it Duke Kramer is Rhoda's sister Brenda. What is that, some kind of death wish? Since Alan Burns, with Jim Brooks, arranged the marriage and is now presiding over its dissolution, let's be a realist for a moment. The problem with Rhoda," he said, "coming slightly in the back of the head of her arrival 1967," "in that we couldn't do anything with the marriage any more. Jim and I had this concept that we could do something in a different way, say things that had to be said and better. Well, we found we couldn't, and the Family Viewers House thought so. We couldn't be overly provocative. We agonized over it for three, four months



"What were we to do—give her a baby? That's too tired, it's the sort of thing every series does when it wants to die out another year. Joe's business going under? That seemed to us to be de-banking for less."

So what Burns and Brooks thought so popular Rhoda and Burns are putting aside—though hedging their bets about it's made divorce. "If the public reaction is big enough," Burns and co-writer, "and by that I mean not the hate mail but the kind of reaction that runs the sets off." "His voice wondered in he contemplated the mail too. "Some of it is so irrational," he continued, "some deepening, 'people complaining that we're liberals' under-manage the fabric of society, promoting the idea that separation and possible divorce are novel. Unfortunately, weddings are always more popular than divorces." And despite his view that Valerie Harper is better in an wedding—"when she was married she was less affecting"—Rhoda's ending this season are not so high as they were last. No matter what, this suggests an explanation (the Presidential election, rival networks starting off the season with better spectacles), it's plain that Joe's departure from the marriage bed has resulted in

a loss of color acceptance for many of Rhoda's fans—no matter what splendid therapy it may be for the series. Maybe the fat man of the CBS programming office all those years ago won't be wrong about everything.

Still, Rhoda is hardly in immediate danger of cancellation. Not is the new *Tony Randall Show*, and not despite perceptive poor early ratings are Phyllis and Mother Dearest's producers are likely to get special consideration for the recent long-term signing of Mary McCormack to an exclusive contract. May has made a great deal of money for the network, and the urge to stretch Tinker's life for owners of Mrs. Enterprises, as two of the biggest producers of the business, despite their failures. Indeed it's only their prospects that are sold for the company's deep into debt financing. A fairly new phenomenon, deferring financing, according to a major French TV executive, "is the next way of saying you're getting scared. The overboard." It means that each show with prospects has to be subsidized by the bank, since each show costs more money to make than the network pays for it.

"It will sail away," says Great Tinker, son of a Connecticut, his bar-misquity



The Flare, alone and character (left) give by themselves; they're cultivated

president. "Is the sophisticated people in the business who ask us how it feels to be a millionaire taking us all that money. The fact is that the Crocker Bank of California owns it." In 1970 a half-hour stand-alone cost about \$100,000 to make, since it cost a little more than that. The *Mary Tyler Moore Show* produced a profit for the first three years. But for the last four years, production costs have gone up so that now a half-hour costs between \$180,000 and \$185,000 to film, and the Crocker Bank puts up the current net less as Mrs. Enterprises of 100,000 to \$15,000 per show, including the first show. Especially if it shows out, the network will have more money for commercial while paying the same original cost. In fact, the network, but the actors in it, seeing lay-offs, will suddenly disappear, agents and lawyers to force one apparently mobile situation out of their employers.

Then doesn't mean, of course, that the Tinkers live in a flat above the store, push their lunches and drive 1962 Plymouths. They live in Red Sea, which is as close to material luxury as California affords, eat out a lot, and drive Mercedes. If Mary has recently been reduced to a \$100-a-week cash allowance (down from \$340), she probably has at least 31 credit cards. But should a man be judged enough—"inspired enough," Tinker answers to file (not videotape) his shows for the visual quality film provides, then he has to depend on syndication after the network tries to make back his money. "To get into daily syndication," says Tinker, "you have to have at least four years of product before you can make a worthwhile for the stations to buy. Five years is better, six better still." The odds are heavy, if it's a game in Los Vegas, nobody would play it.

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out of her network shows because he makes tapes there. It's a career to edit, career to lights (and more flattering to its female star), but at least 30% more expensive. Understandably, the networks' refusal to pay more for that shows they make such colossal profits from has excited deep resentment among Hollywood producers, often and tape operators alike: that the situation just is not better.

"There are so many of us," says Tinker, "and only three of them [the networks]. Maybe Tinker's true," they'll say, "so let's get some of Disney Amos's products, or Jerry Kosove's, or any of the other products." The networks, accordingly apologetic, to realize as it is even if they've all taken him away from us." (Amos is the former TV network president for one. Dubbed the Sinking Comet, he spoke so volubly that colleagues sometimes had to scold him to catch what he was saying. What was finally heard might be something like "You will never sell another show to this network as long as you live.")

Tinker's gift and skills he deplores made him, in any case, head of west-coast production for one in the early 1970s he met Mary during the pilot for *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, and married her in 1963—"because it's really a damn business, and you can't do it alone. Have the best, but the hell, people. Tolerated people—I prefer to be around them than non-tolerated people. I also like to let them alone. Otherwise, I have no talent. Now Norman [Lewin] is a talent, but I never let him make any of his co-creations. When I go to see one of his shows and the writers actually accept one of my suggestions." He smiles with the confident assurance of the man who, with the Crocker Bank, employs them all. "I'm a co-creator," he says. "I'm a co-creator—more, without being heavily Leifur Ball about it, than the screen co-creator she has made so precisely her own. Mary works in the accounts get dedicated to agenting Michael Norman, who died in 1968 of tuberculosis aggravated by a heart buster, it was said, by Mick Smiley. "She brought laughter and beauty," the plaque reads, "otherwise dried out of life." Inside, Mary talks to anyone happening by. "It's," she says to a visitor, "and I know it, but she's been making a first shift, 'The Mary Tyler Moore' show. She was outside up, but turned off, and with a steady, good-humored distance that suggests she knows exactly where she's going. She thought she knew in 1967: headed for Broadway with the musical version of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. That proved to be one of the show-business titans of the decade and caused her, according to a friend, "a most grievous wound." It may have contributed to her diabetes, diagnosed some time afterward when she suffered a miscarriage. Today, she and Betty Clark of Philadelphia, out of Him, from, too, are probably the co-creators of the show-business diabetes, though of



Moore: the search for uncertainty is on

put Mary must be the only one who will casually take so much but in mid-conversation—"Excuse me," and job the disposable needle into her thigh through the pants. Today, she is probably more loved than any other TV performer, heavy with awards, success in the respect of her colleagues ("the best light remember of her presence," in *Star Line* "view"), and at a few more awards her show will be held her "I am the most of strong," she says cryptically. A tennis-playing friend describes her as funny and sensible to mix ("the least" mistaken thing you, but she will let her"). "I'm a performer," she says. "I think in 1960 the first show I thought I'd never make it. But that's what the very first night now, a lot more recently I don't know what I'll do—apart from writing, which is where I come from. Maybe it's, though I don't want to get off my own." The top-down got from when she considers the stage. "No," she says firmly, "we the stage. That would mean New York and I don't want to leave Great."

In 1970, she and Norman held an Christmas party in Allen Burrell's house. By 1974, it had to be held in a housewife's apartment 500 people came to the party. She knew two-thirds of them. This season the only party of any note will be a small and very private one, on February 4, for the new and star of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and in last show has been filmed. Burrell is not happy in the paragraph. "It's," he says, "he says. A peak in his life is passing and he doesn't let it off or break the same air again." The actor, who writes the program, not only tolerates, but good friends. Everyone asks him, "Come on, who knows what?" It leaves him that way. "It's still worrying about how to send Mary Richards on her way to the end, when the last show is over in the program. One way it won't be a marriage. That they're all agreed, would be the story of the season."

The World

Chirac is no De Gaulle—but that isn't stopping him from trying

"My bulldozers," the late French president Georges Pompidou used to call his family. Others have not been so kind. But in the weeks since he killed 70,000 cheering, chanting Frenchmen under the freshly designed banner of his new Renaissance party in *Republique* in a vast concrete exhibition hall at Paris' Parc de Versailles—the largest political convention in the country's history—there has been a little doubt that former premier Jacques Chirac has emerged as the new strong man on the French political horizon with every intimation of living up to his nickname.

Already, after barely 18 months in politics, Pompidou's 46-year-old hand-picked protégé has pulled through the scheduled night of the ruling Gaullist party, shoving aside its venerable white-haired leaders to emerge as its young gun protégé. In a single bold maneuver, Chirac has scooped up the fading remnants of the party Charles de Gaulle left behind, but is only known in the Union of Democrats for the Republic, dated it off, applied its image with a futuristic look and speaking new high-tech headlines, rebranded it and set it down once more on political terms with the families of old Gaullist leaders of French national unity against the common enemy. For this time "The point, the very last message," as Chirac put it, of the growing French socialist-Communist alliance under socialist leader François Mitterrand.

It is a move by reorganizing the beginnings of a new threat in Europe—a grand-son backlash against the mounting threat of a new Communist movement in Europe's continent. Chirac is a Frenchman, where the latter episode looks like the left alliance with 50% of the people's support enough to topple the Gaullist-dominated majority in the next general election two years from now. Chirac wants to be remembered both a sensitive and a political gold mine. Ties of thousands of henchmen, bankers and farmers from every corner of France stayed up most of one night to get going in the rally by 10 politicians, 300 heads and a squad of cheerleaders, announcing the exhibition hall as how Chirac's very entrance in defiance of liberty, private property, France's glorious history and, without of it, live and mind.

He did, at one point even the Gaullists themselves seemed taken aback at the feeling they had established *Jaune* must be because Chirac's rally got underway, government politicians had assumed the presence of the emboldened *Le Parisien Libéré* and invited guests cragged in as 15-



Chirac posed against blowups of Le Grand Charles and Pompidou: Jacques d'Aud?

search into a move like the left and Gaullists saw as a dirty trick conceived in high places to set off a two-day general strike and deprive Chirac's new movement of press coverage, he later proved to be the case. Nevertheless, when Gaullist general secretary Yves Guéhenno stepped to the microphone that morning to deliver the closing of the century's first, he named those who had been to defend himself interrupted in mid-bulletin by Chirac's applause—applause from the center-loving crowd. It was an embarrassment to Chirac, who has repeatedly been branded a fascist, and who had spent weeks before the carefully orchestrated rally being dangerous backwoods with utterance to display any authoritarian stance. Still, laughing to the hysteric night and (reaction) yelling up to announce Chirac's call to arms, one featured political speech rumbled on the potential for a new broad-based movement with its own mottoes and shoddier at the moment's modest at the night of the party's symbol alluded to in black on flags and armbands—De Gaulle's legendary olive-branch cross of Lorraine.

Indeed, if his presence loomed over the

bill more than Chirac's, it was the ghost of Le Grand Charles himself—a presence that was not merely felt in spirit. As Chirac addressed the morning assembly, his arms raised in the familiar Gaullist V of victory, he stood beneath a gigantic hooded portrait of the general going out from behind the dais. Even the name of the transformed party, *Rassemblement pour la République*, was clearly chosen to evoke memories of De Gaulle's celebrated postwar popular movement, *Rassemblement du Peuple Français*.

Early in the evening, former prime minister Michel Debré invoked the general's shade, and his famous cry of *Vive le Général* , by thundering into a warning that France must not become "the Quebec of Europe, its cultural supremacy threatened." Transhuman applause followed. And only days before, Chirac had led a procession of party faithful to De Gaulle's grave site at Colombey-le-Neuve-Francis for a memorial race where they chanted his favorite Marseillaise note, more importantly, staged a peace demonstration to show that this new Gaullist movement-phobic had the general's symbol-blessed. For no one saw Chirac's Gaullist bias.

MAGLAIN'S COCHENNETT 1976

Ah well, so much for the 'New Broom'

During his long, gliding campaign for the White House he promised a government of bright new ideas, untainted by too much exposure to power and basking with idealism. But as President-elect Jimmy Carter began unraveling his first cabinet late in December the personalities who emerged were more often than not retired letargics and live scores seem fixed falling so much as rising. Just the Kennedy and Johnson years. In the words of some jaded White House watchers, Carter established himself overnight as the most cerebral cabinet-maker since Chadwell.

To mislead, fix most startling cabinet news was the announcement from the Carter campaign Plains: Georgia, and Rosalynn Carter, the President-elect's strong-willed wife, will attend cabinet meetings from time to time, thus placing her in a position of strength virtually unprecedented for a First Lady.

Topping the list of appointments were Cyrus Vance (see interview below) as Secretary of State, Michael Blumenthal, 50-year-old head of the giant Sears Roebuck department and state capital, as Treasury secretary, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Moscow-educated academic as head of the powerful national security council, Representative Brock Adams of Washington as transportation secretary and Representative Andrew Young, a black Georgian, as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations. But the selection of a Secretary of State to succeed Henry Kissinger was clearly Carter's most important move. In Cyrus Vance's White House he found a person—a 55-year-old Michigan lawyer who had depicted domestic secretary during the darkest days of the Vietnam war and who later helped negotiate its settlement. A protégé of Lyndon Johnson, Vance's appointment was strongly recommended by Carter's fellow Georgian (former secretary of state Dean Rusk, Vance was interviewed in his New York office by *Maclean's* Editor Peter C. Newman).

Vance: unlikely to become 'Cyrus the V'
Maclean's: On domestic issues, do you think there's more corruption in domestic policy now than in the past, or just more disclosure?

Vance: More disclosure. Corruption is a very real fact and there was a great deal more this people accepted. It's a very good thing that it surfaced because it is corrupting the structures of the society and of business.

Maclean's: What about reform? We have a different tradition in Canada because we have had no revolution, no wars of independence. *Maclean's:* Some say Americans are a pretty violent people.

Vance: Yes, we are a violent people. We've been wracked by violence. We think is a part of our national character and yet I'm not sure why. We look at Canada and it's a big spot of innocent country, as ours is, and yet you don't find the same kinds of violence there.

Maclean's: What about America's sense of patriotism? It's, we seem, to have been deeply eroded in the last few years.
Vance: There was in the latter part of the 1960s, a tendency to scoff at patriotism as a kind of kitsch thing. I don't think that is continuing. Our own people becoming proud of the country, proud of what its people were doing, that we can achieve those goals.

Maclean's: The American influence in Canada is, of course, largely through multinational corporations. There's a growing feeling against them as makers of an economy controlled by the United States.

been able to mobilize the French people, and the worst criticism Clinton's enemies seem to be to find out that this is not the France of 1947 and that it is no De Gaulle.

In fact, the split and split, uncoordinated and uncoordinated as odd here to the Canadian model. A broker's son who graduated from the renowned Ecole Nationale d'Administration before being summoned to the corridors of power. Clinton has all the elements of a destined politician and has devoted much of his energy recently to following his glacial public image by allowing us to know his tastes run to detective novels and military marches when he had time for them, and going feebly outside his private club in Congress wearing a bulky leatherman's sweater. Although he comes from no great wealth, there are reports that one of his teenage brothers is an assistant Marcel Danneberg, believed to be the richest man in France.

While his political career, shared against national talent and boundless personal ambition are celebrated, Clinton is known in France as a man of action and an ironic satirist in a dark costume as French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, the man with whom he had a public falling-out just four months ago. During the 1974 presidential election, Clinton helped his own party's candidates, former premier Jacques Chirac-Delors, to support Giscard, an independent Republican, and when a came time for the new president to choose the man who was to work with his Giscard-dominated majority coalition in parliament, he daily reminded Chirac's brought with the prime minister. It had been public knowledge ever since that the split between the two was growing increasingly wider, and it came in little ripples in August when Clinton reported with Giscard's cabinet media of the road reforms, resigned as a lot of people charged that he hadn't been given enough power to govern. Within a week, he was out organizing. Mr. Rousseau-Belland said Clinton based on a collective counsel with Giscard. With the new presidential election five years away, it is still too early to predict what will happen when the bulldozer confronts the cool structure. But for the moment, at least, Giscard's political fortunes have never been lower. Although he publicly shook off the 1976 transformation into the 1976 as a question of all-plenty, "scores died to the Elysée say the president is wanted: once he had put the growing threat on the left in current hand-off work, now he had found himself besieged on the right as well.

In his drive for power, though, Clinton may end up bowing over Giscard but defeating his own cause. By moving a wedge between the right-conservative forces of the Giscard and the left-conservative forces, Clinton's constant group is a stronger position. Ironically, the bulldozer may be all the Conservatives need to push them to victory.

MARCO FERRARIO

People

Robert Chertobole is back. At least part of him is. The original Canadian bodybuilder wasn't there, neither is most of the electro-Afro hair, and neither is the passion for Quebec. Last June, seven years ago, when he burst onto the Quebec, then Canadian, then European music scene, he was a wild man and a phenomenon, and out of the "House of Pain." When he returned to Paris for a concert in early De-



Chertobole only the change things on

ember, however, the music was apparently folk songs and ballads, accompanied by a keyboard, was heavily accompanied by his patented pork-chop—and the French critics were either pleased or annoyed by the transformation. What happened? Well two years ago he dropped his stage-as-a friend, pulled out of concert tours and took to the isolation of a Louisiana cabin where "I drank a lot and smoked (cannabis) a lot and self-destructed." Among the results is a renewed devotion with Quebec independence. He is now, as he says, apolitical and against all politicians. "My new lifestyle means to be free from them."

Politicians often deserve to be struck sharply on the nose with a stick, but there are times when such action is taken for very wrong reasons. Consider the case of **Robert Andrus**, President of the Treasury Board. According to a Canadian Press report of his defeat, in the House, of government spending, he indicated that he considered \$6.6 million was "a drop in the bucket." The phrase was picked up by the *Globe and Mail* editorials, and then began disfiguring Andrus with the title of "the what-a-million-dollar man." The fact is, Andrus never let "a drop in the bucket." What he said was that his \$6.6

million was a lot of money "in a drop in the bucket," that a significant and twenty-thousand of all the money transferred during the fiscal year by all federal departments and by all federal agencies." (And, on the same note, since comparisons are being made, the last G.O. House never said "What's a million." What he said on Jan. 6, 1975, was "I hope the honorable member will agree that to operate a department with 1,100 people in a year, three million dollars is not excessive.")

Arthur Hickey is—and this is hardly news—of the world's great caused in novels. His books, from *Wuthering* through *Amos* to *The Moonrakers* have sold 27 million copies in 37 languages. In Toronto (where, as they say, it all began) he and his wife, **Shelley**, were recently filed on their 25th wedding anniversary. Shirley Hickey is writing a book of her own, incidentally, for Doubleday & Company, Inc. called *How To Live With A Writer* (and probably should be called *Wives*). She says all the story of how they met, when Hickey was editor of the *Maclean-Hunter* publication.



The Hickeys music to her ears

Bar & Truck Transport, said she was at the time pool at a hotel. He called her name into a microphone, and as she answered there he fell in love with this disheveled woman. "I must meet him," she told friends, and she did.

John Kennedy brought his brother Robert to Washington and made him secretary-general, but Jimmy Carter is highly anxious to bring his younger brother Billy up from Plains, Georgia, as any capacity

There are a number of reasons, most of which are readily apparent from the wit and wisdom of **Billy Carter** as quoted by the *National Enquirer*. "I don't go for any of that Christmas stuff Jimmy always preaching about, I'm an agnostic leaning



Carter: the black sheep a black sheep

sword saint's. Jimmy's not the greatest son to ever come out of the South. This honor is held by George Wallace. I'm well on my way to becoming a stoiche. I just hope I can handle it. Vance I sure will. I don't intend to stop. Jimmy's still told me it was down to me as drinking will be more careful about what Jimmy says the press I tell them to go to hell. I never permit of the Washington politicians. I've met—and I've met a lot of them. Billy has just finished his first year as mayor of Plains and, oddly enough, is lost.

In 1967, a New York document named **Hope Cooke**, fresh out of St. Clare's, Louisiana, became a cause célèbre by running off in the Indian princess of Sikkim royalty as prince, **Palden Thondup Wangyel**. It even ended a photo spread in *Life*. Now she's back at the States, living in New York with her two children, and taking steps to regain her American citizenship. The reasons are not totally clear, but one reason is that she left because the Indian government took away much of her royal power (the monarchy of Sikkim was abolished a year ago). A friend of hers says that "the Indian made life really impossible for her." And her estranged husband? Some American friends have received Christmas cards from him, signed simply "Thondup of Sikkim."

view, Connaught's mandate was clear: it was to become profitable—fast. The CBC installed an ex-Warner-Lambert executive, Donald McCaskill, in Connaught's president. McCaskill was under immediate pressure. Not only had he to make profits with limited means, but he was saddled with a plant that was regularly plagued with contamination problems. Connaught processing was inflicting the plasma poisoning through its plant with contaminated pyrogens. There had been no pyrogen fever when injected into animals. Pyrogenic plasma is regarded as medical waste in use for human use.

The pyrogenic problem at Connaught had an alarming effect on its production of pooled blood components. A Red Cross survey showed that out of 694,745 vials of albumin due from Connaught over a 12-year period, fully 350,000 were lost because of contamination. In fact, the missing blood fraction was not lost. Much of it was sold on the shelves of Connaught, which put forward two explanations. McCaskill said, in a 1974 letter to the Red Cross, that the "product was discarded, written off as saline, but through some unknown act of contamination, the physical product was retained." Davies says now that "the blood department put it away, knowing that some day it would be valuable."

In the summer of 1973, Connaught's accounts began working on a process of removing the pyrogens from the treated albumin. They were also to do this, but those who were disappointed in modern scientific circles as to whether de-pyrogenated blood products were fit for human use. A former CBC producer of the Connaught style, Dr. Andrew Moravetz, told me: "You can interfere with other parts of the plasma while removing the pyrogens. It may pass tests afterward, but you could have other faults as a result." Despite such reservations, Connaught produced a new process within three months. It made a confidential submission of samples of de-pyrogenated albumin to Ottawa's Bureau of Biologics October 18, 1973, citing the general safety of albumin. On December 4, Ottawa replied. Of five data not submitted for testing, the assistant director of the bureau, J. B. Byrne, wrote, "two were pyrogenic." However, Ottawa's note on the third test "showed it to be highly pyrogenic, whereas the other two were not." Connaught was the opposite. On a confidential protocol sent to other countries they learned, one out of Connaught's samples had failed to pass. Yet Ottawa decided to release the pyrogenated albumin for human use, providing the minimum standards were met and without Ottawa approval. While this question was obviously answered to protect Canadians, it played no barrier on Connaught exporting the material.

Thinking days after receiving the bureau's OK on the pyrogenated albumin, the pyrogenated albumin abroad. The documents accompanying the exports contained no hint that the albumin was re-



Draining blood: the 'gift' of life?

processed. Otherwise it likely would have been rejected by the importing country, which turned out to be Spain. It was at this point that Dr. Perrault's first book office, and a growing albumin crisis in Canada. "I was getting angry phone calls and letters from our 16 distribution centres," he said. "I finally wrote back assuring our people that I wasn't handling the stuff." Perrault, a University of Ottawa medical graduate with a Swedish PhD in blood research, knew nothing of Connaught's exports when he took office. After he found out, while grappling with a shortage in Canada, he blew up. On April 3, 1974, he had a confrontation with McCaskill. The following day McCaskill wrote to Perrault saying that in the previous November Miller had agreed to export the albumin and that neither of them would have allowed it to happen had there been a shortage. In fact, the shortage for the month of November was critical—with the Red Cross able to fill only 604 out of 2,222 orders received. Miller today says he has no recollection of the matter.

With the exports halted, Connaught's de-pyrogenated albumin began to move into Canadian hospitals through the Red Cross, always after being released by Ottawa's Bureau of Biologics. According to Perrault, there have been no indications of an abnormal increase in patient reactions during the three years in which treated albumin has been used in Canada. Connaught says it is up to provinces as potentially very valuable, and says it has to be released from publishing demands because no process cannot be patented. "We are hoping to effect an exchange of technology with another company," Davies says.

Connaught also claims to be the only blood fractionator in the world with a government license to distribute de-pyrogenated material. The license, really a letter from Ottawa's Bureau of Biologics, requires that Ottawa clear such bottles as Connaught produces it. In fact, the U.S. Bureau of Biologics occasionally refuses to distribute material that has been de-pyrogenated by U.S. fractionators. "But," says Dr. John Friesen of Bethesda, Maryland, "we would not wish to preclude the processors' avoid contamination of the product in the first place."

Today Connaught claims it has largely overcome its contamination problems and is in sufficient to stop fractionators. But Perrault and the Red Cross are determined to go their own way. Even if the Red Cross gave government approval for its own plant, such a facility is at least as open place, in the meantime Perrault and the Red Cross have to deal with Connaught, or take the politically sensitive step of sending their plasma out of the country for processing. "I have three offers from foreign fractionators to do our work at roughly half what we're paying Connaught," Perrault says.

Despite their differences, Davies and Perrault are in the midst of negotiating a formal contract to replace the old "gentlemen's understanding." Perrault also signed the 1963 agreement last March, and Davies agrees that a new treaty is long to do. "We want to get on a more business-like basis," Davies says. Perrault adds: "I hope to negotiate a standard franchise contract, one that would guarantee performance and would name 'Perrault' also as a partner that he wants to increase the Red Cross's share of the proceeds from any foreign sales of sample blood products." He didn't think the 90-10 split was very fair, he says. "Connaught was negotiating far more than its share, while we were making far less." Davies says Perrault now wants 50% of the foreign proceeds.

In all some strange, given Connaught's shrewd position (the Canadian Medical Association has sent a two-member team to study the company's operation, and the team's report is expected to be published in the association's journal next month) and given the Red Cross's weak position that "I want to go process in for brought on," the Red Cross doesn't seem to be in a position "I want to protect the volunteer donor system," he says. "I will be anything to improve it. It doesn't have to be done by the Red Cross, you know. If Gold-Palmer can organize a better, faster, more efficient system, why not? A transfusion system is based on volunteer donors and public funds. There is no room for the profit motive. And yet the profit motive is very much in evidence at Connaught. You're not supposed to make a profit. But there is a profit motive in order to make a profit. Obviously a fundamental policy decision will have to be made." (JOURNAL OF INVESTIGATIVE)

Press

The Georgia Straight goes straighter

To appreciate the present editorial direction of the *Georgia Straight*, Canada's longest-running counter-culture newspaper, you have to remember Anselme. A truly momentous task he undertook in the early days of the late 1960s. Anselme once helped to propagate a shadow of the paper by Vancouver city officials when he appeared in his small cartoon space, wearing only a T-shirt and an earring, with an arm around John Birch. "The paper was a *Columbia* of mine," says *Straight* publisher Dan McLeod, recalling the obscenity trial and temporary loss of license that followed. But Anselme was a symbol and for *Georgia* built a legend of just how much the weekly paper was going into its fourth year of production, and so be. After all, didn't former Vancouver Mayor Tom ("I hate lepers") Campbell label it a "filthy perverted paper"? Won't it burst in suburban New Westminster, based in Edmonds, and read away by the crumbly grounds set from the hippie mecca of Vancouver's Fourth Avenue to Toronto's Rodeo College?

It was under all these things—and a little less "A. Ronger" Dept. with dirty words," lamented Vancouver Sex columnist Alan Poberman. Now, however, *Fishermen* receives a hand-delivered copy of the *Straight* every week, courtesy of paper's new (and all-things) production man. And he, along with other media moves in town, is seeking to set for any puffball at its cradly but for some fairly lively might into provincial news. The *Georgia Straight* is showing up and it's not to be known as an outrageous, unlikable, bigger rig. "You're entrusting me doing John Birch's job," that what we're doing growing up."

Anselme is long gone. "Wynne Jones, a band guy, is a different kind of person from Birch's banger. The old 'rock-and-roll' rhetoric has been replaced by an expanded section of music and movie reviews and cultural events calendar, and more serious treatments of breaking news stories and topical issues. A look at the out-of-the-mainstream, a series of transcripts from radio host/author Gary Baserman's new detailing organized crime as the province (report of which were requested by the BC volunteer general), and it is not a new wave of the old. *Georgia* is now a regular contributor who collected a reader \$30 for the article. A dedicated and literate advocate of justice. Woodcock has the *Straight* because "I can give people



The Rolling Stone film: New Wave

Artistic Doug Bennett, editorial assistant Tania Savarin, Cliff and McLeod, and editorial assistants Liz Moore and Peter Morgan, some of the boys of editorial who have been put away, but not all

to the community. Be more direct, more accurate, than other publications." But it is no starburst delight. "I rather think that they're a little to the right of me."

For those who claim the paper's only consistency is its ability to go beyond the bounds of good—and bad—there is still some evidence of walled growth: a tongue-in-cheek, homocore warning Tania and Scottie to be accurate in their environmentalism with a Gernia shepherd (a homocore defined by publisher McLeod as "homocore but not homophobic"), and wifery and under the personal example. "Companie has made much more with our 'hairy' scummiest." But even the ads have not come through the *straight* unscathed. "We're adding them in," explains McLeod. "You can say such things as 'wifery' anywhere."

McLeod, too, has changed. He is no longer the anti-establishment, anti-law and honors much graduate he was back in 1967, when, wearing around in a down town hair parlor, he knocked the name *Georgia*

Straight (it's play on the channel separating Vancouver Island from the mainland) and vowed to produce a paper dedicated to freedom of expression. It's not that he has not physically, but with his lady pale blond hair and myopic eyes, he still resembles an ancient philosopher. But at 33, having piloted the *Straight* through a decade of lawsuits (\$50,000 worth), ideological schisms, up-and-down editorial quality and a consuming economic peril, he seems a little tired. There is no passion in his voice when he talks of his paper's detractors. "If only they would look at it before they reject it," he says. Nor does he have much to say for the political battle will be fought. The government has refused to allow the paper to be sold on newsstands abroad as it seems, and many readers still won't touch it. The affairs of *Georgia* linger.

These days, McLeod is more worried about the economics of keeping the paper alive—at 35 cents a copy, he sells only 12,000, mainly in grocery stores—thus he is about turning new converts. Despite re-

That kind of decadence would be over if the Youngs were rich and getting richer. But the paper's new thrust for credibility was tempered by the reality of the balance sheet. Says McLeod, among a plethora of plans for funds: "I'll take anything—even more corporate money." JAMES TIMMONS



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MAGLON SUBCINCHOPOL 183

Education

The Inquisition is alive and well and living in Newfoundland

John Bonta had two days left in his summer holiday when, on August 16, he was summoned before the superintendent of the English Valley Roman Catholic School Board in central Newfoundland. Was it time the superintendent asked that Bonta had married in an Anglican Church last summer and was now allegedly admitting that church? When the 33-year-old musician confessed to this crime—which is just about how marrying outside the church is viewed by the province's Catholic hierarchy—the superintendent was quick to give notice. Bonta's contract was terminated immediately.

Under an agreement between the Newfoundland Teachers' Association (NTA) and the province's school boards, probationary teachers without the two years of experience needed for tenure can be dismissed by employers at any time for any reason. Bonta looked even a genuine prospect to fall back on. Now, there are fears that the Newfoundland and Labrador Federation of School Boards will start to extend this discretionary power to cover all 7,300 Newfoundland teachers and to guarantee a board's right to fire any teacher, probationary or tenured, who fails to meet the moral principles and standards established by the religious denomination under which the school board operates.

Not surprisingly, the issue has teachers fearing, though the NTA has unanimously refused to make any statements, agreeing instead to a total news blackout. Individual teachers are wary of speaking out for fear of reprisal, but are privately concerned about the implications of the school boards' move. It has been revealed for many times for over 100. One St. John's teacher who had after he and his wife divorced. Last, he was seen during a secretary of the local Roman Catholic School Board, the girl he set up with. Another told her boyfriend would not be allowed because he refused to teach religious education on the grounds he was not a practicing Catholic. A third was informed that his failure of qualifying a few hours in a local school was a last. A fourth, legally separated from his wife, was advised not to be seen in public with another woman.

Such criticism are the product of a denominational system that has kept the province's schools in the grip of the clergy since before Confederation. Critics have audaciously argued that the system creates a needless—and very costly—duplication of services that almost every-



Bonta in front of Notre Dame Academy; some fathers are more vocal than others

second until now were terms of Newfoundland's union with Canada in 1949 that override Canadian human rights legislation, enforce the denominational boards in law and exempt them from taxation that would otherwise prohibit the firing of John Bonta. "That's the state that has," a St. John's junior high school teacher complains. "Aren't teachers human beings?"

Last month in a letter mailed to all Roman Catholic teachers, the Catholic Education Committee, which represents the church's interests in education, said: "Teachers who are not committed to the specific aims and objectives of a Catholic school have no place on the staff of such a school. The Catholic School Board has no intention of condoning the presence of a teacher's conscience; he or she must move the right to express a teacher who publicly denies the laws of the church whose lifestyle is a public scandal, or who turns on teaching doctrines of faith and morals opposed to the official teaching of the Catholic Church."

The Bonta case illustrates the effect of unaccountable authority in the hands of the boards. He had taught central Newfoundland Roman Catholic Board for one year when he decided to get married and while

he had been warned of the possible consequences of marrying outside the Catholic Church, he refused to renounce his principles for the sake of his job. "For me," he says of his conduct in Anglicanism. "It was a change of expression of the state of mind. To him, it was a total denial of everything I believed in." Bonta now works on evenings of two days a month as a substitute teacher with the integrated school board and runs his wife's day care in a local home. His wife also works, so he is not in financial need because of the dismissal. "But I could be in deep trouble," he says. "A similar discipline against a teacher with less financial independence could have severe consequences." Except for five years studying abroad at Mount Allison University, Bonta has lived in Grand Falls since the age of four. Now, with no other teaching posts similar to the one he held last year available, he and his wife are facing the possibility that "we will have to pick up and leave."

JARLE MCNEIL

Those who teach, won't

Were this any other holiday season, the summer that tomorrow's Quebec City's Local University campus would be the result of students away on mid-term break. But this year, the empty classrooms and laboratories have another origin. The largest

professors' strike in Canadian history, and one this—even after an expected January settlement—seems likely to leave a residue of anger and frustration. When it began September 7, few observers expected Laford's new month-old professors' union to challenge against the university's well-entrenched conservatism. But Laford, who Kerwin thought the dispute would be settled in 30 days. And some 1,200 professors, proud of proposals they spent 10 months preparing, believed the administration would simply accept their demands. It was an overestimate, a naive mistake.

Nearly four months later, the two sides are still deadlocked on a host of issues of ideology over what the university is and should be. The future full-time was cancelled, an estimated 25,000 credits were withdrawn from classes and many government loans and funds not available to students not regularly, and scientific research projects worth \$40 million were delayed. Doubtful standing their ground, each side maintained that the other's demands would destroy academic freedom as the 124-year-old institution and create a centralized work-force relationship foreign to the philosophy of a university.

The ostensible issues at Laford's were the usual ones: salary scales (traditionally professors negotiated their incomes privately, resulting in discrepancies of up to \$7,000 a year for people with equal credentials and experience), grievance procedures and demands for junior faculty rising along the university. But these were subordinate to the larger issue of the union's presence on campus. "The professors turn themselves to industrial union tactics such as illegal picketing and the use of 'strategic' support," claimed Kerwin, a formerly bilingual Irish Quebecer and nuclear physicist. "Maybe you need more centralized authority if you're going to have a union on campus. The professors, of course, described what Kerwin's position was aimed at subverting the new union. Since the strike began, 22 dates and department chairmen have resigned their posts in protest of administrative tactics. Some 150 professors who originally opted out of the union have signed up. And union president Joe de la Noce, campaigning for support on campus at his own expense, raised \$150,000—a size, perhaps, that what top jobs at Laford will be a social benchmark opening contract talks a crucial bargaining. The union's first step helped maintain the union's 375 a week strike pay.

Both sides have been reassured by the strike. "Most of our lives have been pretty well concerned to what would be the return of the university," says Kerwin, waiting quietly in a hotel room for another representative of moderate union leader Owen's. Owen's demands of David Sobornia. "It's a matter of reforming the university." According to this union, Kerwin's reforms—introduced in 1971—were simply ineffectual. Though professors were given

a voice in electing both Laford's governing council and its department chairmen, they were not consulted on important day-to-day decisions. Says retiring senior professor Nicole Morin: "We've lost confidence in the administration's policies. That's why we want the details in writing." Those details include the appointment of outside arbitrators to adjudicate grievances brought by junior professors who

strive to make a difference and make November. He returned in early December for a final round of talks—expected to lead to student representation by mid-January, four months late. Classes would be condensed into five 15-week terms ending in June. If mediation fails, Sobornia will recommend a corporate statement in his report. What Laford said to students in their hall will be closely watched by the new Parti Québécois government and education minister Jacques-Yvon Morin. Few new cabinet ministers are university professors, including Yves Fassin Laford.



Whatever the outcome, the strike will have taken a considerable toll. Estimates are some 3,000 students will drop out. Others will wait until next year to enroll—prolonging the term of overcrowding that some professors and graduate students have already been too often in the halls of employers, losses that may mean reduced per capita subsidies and research grants. Among the chief victims are the 3,000 students who must graduate next spring. More than 100 employees have deferred plans for campus courses. The only beneficiaries have been Laford's 1,200 support staff for whom the strike has been virtually a paid vacation.

Reopening the university is also going to cost money, says Kerwin. "Our student accelerator can be shut down in a few hours, but it takes weeks to start up again

Kerwin (left) and the left-wing addressing students (below): the gripes of students



have been fired (in demand, Kerwin says, that would interfere with the "qualitative evaluation of a professor's work" and ultimately lower teaching standards), and that students have on age and academic rank.

At one time, says David de Laford, Laford's compromise seemed poised on all the major questions, but there was no real attempt to reach a "modus vivendi." "If the parties had known that negotiations were impossible, no mediation would have been possible and the strike would not have dragged on," Sobornia did not begin his

and that's expensive." Enthusiasm by the strike, Kerwin is not expected to rest again for review when he next expires next year. "I could be back in my laboratory by February," he says. As for the professors, they will probably also more can electing those who represent them on university bodies rather than choosing those already in administration posts, as in the past. The likely result will be to alter some representation and that may mediate some administrative decisions, a process will worry Kerwin and the confidence of students.

DEWITT TRUMAN

Fms

Getting through the holidays with 'Rocky' and his friends

BY GARY

Directed by John G. Avildsen

Rocky achieves the biggest emotional high in the year's films. It does so by serving up the standard moral of romantic narrative—the story of a sidewalk-goon who must win himself with an act of valor and in doing so is rewarded with love. The film works with dazzling bluntness: You're not just any dude; in where your emotions are being lagged, and yet the old formulae have been so revitalized that you're left in no state to resist.

The hero is Rocky Balboa (Sylvester Stallone), a small-time, 30-year-old Philadelphia boxer who calls himself, with a punk's bravado, the Italian Stallion. He lets himself be bloodied for a taker home to sit—at the winner of the bout of 19035. He also sports himself as a club collector for a local precinct, although he is too laid-back to break the routine number of thumbs for nonpayment. He's a swagging, bragging, top-heavy (fig. yet he's deadly).

Rocky is discouraged by life but by no means embittered, which is what gives him the resources to deal with the challenges when they come. The first is his relationship with the desperately shy Adrian (Talia Shire). He meets her with jokes, self-mockery, and a searching regard for her feelings. She responds with trust and affection by flowering, and Talia Shire's controlled performance makes that somewhat shy concept wonderfully believable.

Adrian's radical transformation is one of the film's streamers of unbelievable odds. The other is the incredible vision of fate that gives Rocky the chance to pull his own life together. The reigning champion, Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers), black, mouthy, and publicly conscious—gutsy who—plagues in a fictional event, to give an unknown fighter a chance at the heavyweight crown. He wants the challenger to be white and, in honor of Christopher Columbus, Italian. He picks Rocky Balboa.

The promoter's conventional fantasy becomes Rocky's miracle. His punishment and capricious fate shape a body grown through after dark only with the second race. He awakens his own anger while a rough old trainer (Burgess Meredith), having ignored and shamed him for years, now asks to be taken on, and when Adrian's alcoholic brother (Burt Young) tries to exploit him, the understanding men still and by the time, his moment completed, he is publicly right up the steps of a Philadelphia monument to American liberty and inde-

pendence, the audience is cheering. He knows he can't win. "All I want to do," he says soberly, "is go the distance."

Some of Rocky's impact is due to our knowledge that the hero's struggle and victory are in some extent parallel with the well-publicized progress of Sylvester Stallone in star. A small-time actor, he had suffered and ended his hopes of dominating and defining jobs with, in a few days last year, he sat down to write Rocky's screenplay. After selling United Artists on the story, Stallone held out wait—even more sacredly—they also allowed him to play Rocky himself.

A barter and a winner, Stallone is the star's primitive triumph, and director John Avildsen was wise enough to concentrate on him. What is startling about Stallone's performance is its subtle, startling humor—it's a link, but a very witty link—and the authenticity of its humor. The comedy makes him individual and paradoxical: the yearning makes him a spokesman for most of us.

ENTERTAINMENT

Media circus

Directed by Sidney Lumet

With media stunts at a time more than the public consciousness the news is more than ripe for a satirical look at television, where the audience and the stakes are highest. The new film *Network*, which regards tv as something best left cooled under a sieve, may contain more bits than state but it nevertheless regards its targets with considerably greater benevolence.

Paddy Chayefsky's script, fabricated into, described by one of its own executives as "a wilderness network—we have to take what we can get," where language men in a room Howard Beale (Peter Finch) is suffering from an apparently terminal case of low ratings. Infamed that he's about to be dropped, Beale goes on the air to announce that he plans to blow his brains out on camera. He attracts considerable media attention, of course, and even the ultimate accolade, a higher rating.

Rather than getting Beale medical help, which would require a brutally redemptive not accessible to network thinking, his keeps him on the air. The dubious narrator behind the credits has with in Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway), an ambitious executive who pursues ratings the way a nymphomaniac might eye zippers. She makes Beale a mad prophet of the network, a prime-time Messiah! With luck, and endures the news show's focus with a live audience, a rampant workaholic and

on-air consciousness. Diana also packages the *Man Who Knew How*, a weekly show featuring home movies of radical crimes performed by the Revolutionary Liberation Army and occasional guest shots by kidnapped inmates. Chayefsky would have us believe that TV's power to corrupt is so universal that even a cool Angela Davis-style revolution, hard by us as a political adviser, is seen shrinking that she isn't going to get any money out of the deal and the *Man Who Knew How* gives him gratification.

The insane executive, surreal and self-assured, is a wonderful, malicious creation—how comforting it would be to believe that only a natural selection—and the brittle, hypocritical shallowness of Faye Dunaway's acting style makes her glibly comic and startling. However, the characterization droops, in both performance and writing, when the script involves her in a drawn-out affair with a decent, weary news executive (William Bledsoe) whom she has had fired. This was subplot, with its quivers about the male monogamy and its black-and-white purgatory, is a little heavy from the kind of bleeding mask (like Marley) that Chayefsky himself used to write for tv drama in the 1950s, and it's now bottom-draw.

But director Sidney Lumet, who seems to have had difficulty in finding a lead and style for the film, has given Chayefsky his best. The sheer weight of the writer's verbiage (did Chayefsky think he was being paid per word?) and his openness to stark and starkly in excessing visual being. Network is a bit. What began as merely and modestly challenging tv's egotism to mass-produce style, becomes caustically becaused in its own self-importance.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Occident Express

Directed by Arthur Hiller

Silver Doves is a less romantic on two levels: it's a love story that happens during a train journey and also a story in which the train itself is the love object. The sleek, swift, metallic line of cars speeding through domestic vistas on routes from Los Angeles to Chicago is treated with such nostalgic affection that every time we're in—and every time the hero is thrown—we feel pangs of separation, resolved only when we manage to get back on a train.

Colin Higgins' screenplay (merely and demurely) throws together an assortment of outsiders—misguided passengers, sudden disappearances, disguised secrets, precious documents—to keep the mid-



Counter-espionage from below: Burgess, Helms, Robert Shaw and Finch (left); De Niro, Theresa Russell and Nicholson (The Last Tycoon); Wilder and Chayefsky—plus delectable victim Stefan Pasiak, then a group shot of Silver Doves stars Stephen Collins, Faye Dunaway and Chayefsky, and (below) Stallone, who wrote Rocky and plays him.

Everything you wanted to know about Quebec, Lévesque and the future of Our Great Nation

Column by Allan Fotheringham

Mr. Fotheringham, you're an expert on Quebec?

No. But I suffer from an aversion of common sense.

Could you help me out of my confusion on this matter. Lévesque: Quebec Separation now?

Constantly. What is it you wish to know? Well, the pundits are disagreeing more death with their expertise. I get the impression *Mart* has gone off course and crashed into our planet.

Not to worry. That's usually what happens when the Ottawa Press Gallery realizes it has missed a story. You can safely go back to the dishes. Confederation is secure for another week or so.

But really, didn't Quebec voters vote to separate from Canada?

Not in 1980. What they did was to vote to throw out a sloppy, arrogant government led by a puppet and vote in a social democratic government that is open and honest in its approach and has a lot of brains in the top of not necessarily practicality. The Parti Québécois has a mandate to govern, but it has no mandate to secede.

But isn't René Lévesque's mission to rule Quebec out of Canada?

True, that is his intention. The more so all new political leaders have intentions of stamping out, getting the bureaucracy to work, filling in the potholes and providing first beer for the workers. Really his is the pressing way of minding on this kind of optimism.

But Lévesque has pledged to hold a referendum on separation within two years?

I would be prepared to wager the no-vote result of the next Toronto Argonauts coach that Lévesque will have delicately even going around to a referendum before his first term runs out.

Why do you say that?

Because he has surprising practical promise in an anti-bill of rights deficit by the spring, an unemployment rate that runs as high as 20% outside Montreal, the indifference of foreign investors because of the PQ vote. A new government attempting to learn how to govern isn't going to have the spare time to consult a pre-judicial decree for a referendum. Governmental ones in power, discover that their main priority is to stay in power.

Are you sure?

Have I ever been wrong? Look, no government is offered to hold a referendum whether for floodwaters, metro government or whatever—unless it's a fairly certain of winning. René is going to find he just isn't got the time for serious ballroom on

affairs of the heart when businessmen bookkeeping closes in.

I know the press loves the little guy, the greatest advertisement for long cancer since Edward R. Murrow. But does that rightness have the ability to run a government?

Oh, easily. As a matter of fact, with such constitutional and government experts as Claude Monse, Jacques Parizeau, Jacques-Yvan Morin, Bernard Landry and others, Lévesque has immediately a cabinet that for their horsepower responses that of practically all the governments and probably beats the tired collection of nitwits, never-were and never-will be figures and recycled servile servants that now make up the Trudeau front bench.



This would require most of Croix, St. Lawrence. Why is this so?

For the same reason that the big middle-class wants to separate. When all these 45-50-ish taxpayers were about to come into flower as their youth, what they felt was that their Anglo colonial masters neglected all the commercial and industrial needs in Quebec. So they went into government service. Their vast knowledge of the system, with their mischievous, now emerges to feed them for angles.

Strangely enough, he has been rendered somewhat a soul-of-date by events. Not only is he some 10-15 years older than all the provincial premiers, he is the only leader

of a political party past the age of 40. He seems transfixed to a slight pattern of the Daffodils era, convinced that all political regimes, if not voted, are somehow inferior. He is an admirable man for giving Quebecers specifically to identify to keep Quebec within Canada, but now he seems to have lost touch with the formative influences inside his own province and can't relate to the fact that the universal is so boring.

Surely Rousseau couldn't have been as bad as he was painted?

Well, it's a bit of the same thing. What has never really been explained to Canadians outside Quebec were the circumstances that arranged for the young Rousseau, Rousseau, to become the Liberal leader just before the 1970 election. He was the weakest of the three candidates, behind Claude Wagner and Pierre Laporte, and the Ottawa bureau moved in and vacated the week led into the leadership. It took three elections to come home, but the fads reaped the whirlwind. You can't suppose puppets on a grand people. It seems so obvious. That's why René is there.

You never realize cynicism in Lévesque and crew?

Not particularly. I just like to recognize reality. A premier who couldn't run Quebec without a hardener and bodyguard in his hip pocket does not strike me as reality.

Any opportunities?

Of course. Jacques Parizeau, for one. Never has anyone smiled so much with an ironic sense of humor. His eyes bristle as

Where does Joe Clark fit into this?

None bad and a new father, I'm not sure he's ready to father a new nation.

What about John Turner?

Look, anyone who thinks he can give an off-the-record speech to 200 people has to be kidding. If the party's needs, he gives per line in charge of the national budget.

Okay, okay, okay, what's it all going to end up as?

Good you asked. What will result, eventually down the road, is a somewhat different country, with a diffusion of the oppression Ontario constitution that now shifts the Ontario. Quebec, which never has been a province like the others, will be in some sort of Canadian union, but will still be abroad. It will be a much more interesting country.

Thanks a lot. You're certainly managed to add to my confusion.

Any time.



It's kind of nice to stand out.

Which is what Carrington Canadian does. But for many more good reasons than merely the look of the bottle. Carrington is distilled in small batches, aged and mellowed in seasoned oak casks, it's light in look and smooth in taste. Carrington, it's special, and, in our opinion, like no other whisky in the world.

A whisky of outstanding quality.

CARRINGTON CANADIAN WHISKY





The background of the advertisement is a photograph of a man and a woman in a rustic, log-cabin-like setting. The man, wearing a red and white plaid shirt, is sitting on the floor and holding a glass of red Bloody Caesar. The woman, wearing a yellow sweater and blue jeans, is sitting next to him, looking at him with a smile. In the foreground, there is a large, dark, round object, possibly a pot or a basket, and a wooden wheel is visible in the background.

The Bloody Caesar

(You'll hail this one.)

What's tall, red,
Smirnoff-blessed and not a
Bloody Mary or a Bloodhound?
A Bloody Caesar, that's what!

Why people insist on
experimentally pouring
Smirnoff into things, we don't
know. But when some clever
rascal tried it with clam and
tomato juice, lo and behold,
it turned into a Bloody Caesar.

To render a Bloody Caesar
unto friends, Romans, or
countrymen, simply
pour 1½ ozs. of Smirnoff, 3
ozs. of clam and tomato juice,



A bottle of Smirnoff vodka and a glass of Bloody Caesar are shown next to the text. The bottle is clear with a black label that says 'SMIRNOFF' and 'VODKA'. The glass is filled with a red liquid and ice.

squeeze of lemon and a
dash of worcestershire
into a glass of ice.

Season to taste and stir.

Smirnoff

It leaves you breathless